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THE FUN AND FIGHTING OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

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BY

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAINS

ALLYN K. CAPRON

AND

WILLIAM O. O'NEILL,

1ST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER

CAVALRY.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE

IT is not the intention of the author to write a panegyric upon the brief but brilliant career of the 1st United States Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders. The regiment needs none. Hence the reader need not fear an infliction of military hysteria. He can find that in copious quantities elsewhere—millions of words of it.

Some of the pathetic incidents in the regiment's history will be noted, but it will be the brighter side of the shield that the author will endeavour to present to his readers. The tragedy of the regiment's campaigning for a long time buried the comedy out of sight so far as the author was concerned. But time numbs all wounds if it does not heal them; and, to-day, precisely one year from the date he was mustered in as 1st Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the regiment, he commences a narrative that he projected simultaneously with that appointment, and for which he took many notes.

There are, however, other reasons why the book should be written. The historian must make up his history from the evidence that seems strongest in the mass of material he collects. No two people see things exactly alike under even ordinary circumstances. In the excitement of battle, or of hurried work of less, though great importance, mental impressions become varied in a superlative degree. And sometimes it becomes necessary to correct errors arising in such circumstances. In one volume printed on the subject the author has counted mis-statements of fact that in the aggregate show one for nearly every other page in the book. The author was sincere but evidently misinformed.

There is a still more important reason why the history of the regiment should be written from various standpoints. The greatest achievement of the Rough Riders is hardly appreciated to-day. Representative of four of the territorial divisions of the United States, in bodies, and of nearly all of the rest—to say nothing of many foreign countries—in individuals, it has shown our own people, our government, and, what is perhaps better. foreign nations, what enormous fighting strength can be supplied by the people from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In this vast area practically every

man can ride and shoot. They can be turned into an army as fast as they can be armed, equipped, and properly officered. Add them to the resources which the North and South produced during the civil war, now multiplied to a degree it is almost impossible to estimate, and the huge standing armies of the European powers sink into utter insignificance.

But such men must be properly armed, equipped, and fed. This will require legislation and a huge military reform. Therefore Europe need fear no interference from us in her interesting if not absolutely jolly little progressive military party. We shall not be ready for the game in—shall I say years or generations?

But, when we are ready, the term "Rough Riders" will not be given to a single regiment but to hundreds of them. The knights of chivalry have passed into the misty perspective of the cor ridors of time, along with the Roman legions and the Vandal hordes. They have been followed by Frederick's six-footers and Napoleon's dense masses. The *franc-tireurs* and zouaves and Prussia's night riders have travelled the same route. Even the Cossack, who was so much of a mystery and marvel less than a generation ago, has had his nose put out of joint.

Enter the Rough Rider—not one regiment of him, but an army of him. And when he "antes" as he himself would say, "There will be a Hot Time in the Old Town That Night."

Throughout Europe the greatest interest was manifested in this regiment. It was something new in the way of a fighting machine, and incidentally something that no European power could duplicate. Throughout the continent as well as among the British Isles the papers were filled with descriptions of the Rough Riders and with photographs of them. Count Von Goetzen of the German Army, a personal friend of his Emperor, and a man of great experience in work of a similar description to that we were about to undertake, was particularly impressed with the regiment. He told Colonel (now General) Wood in my hearing that we were the only regiment of cavalry fit for mounted work in Cuba; at the same time criticising the regular cavalry in camp around us at Tampa for their heavy horses and their still heavier equipment. He afterwards lectured in Germany on the Rough Riders. All who were acquainted with Cuba seemed to take a similar view, many Cubans declaring that our horses were the only ones that would live. I must confess myself, however, to a great admiration for the

magnificent mounts of the regulars, and the splendid condition they were in. There is but one fault to find with them. They need their oats. Many of the Rough Riders' mounts would not eat oats. Such was the case with my own. In fact, while in Cuba he seemed to prefer nibbling at the trees to eating even of the grass that surrounded him. Perhaps the life was not rough enough for him. It was for his rider.

To recapitulate: the Rough Rider was a regiment. He is now a type. Should we have to go to war again he will be an army. Every type of war machine, whether human being, metal, bow and arrow, or rounded stone, has had a beginning. The originals of most of the types have been lost in antiquity. Will this be the case with the Rough Riders of the Santiago campaign? When the Patagonian or Greenlander of some future age searches the ruins of Washington for information concerning the Universal War will he learn that Roosevelt's Regiment of Rough Riders was the germ of a great fighting power? Perhaps—but it will not make much difference to the regiment then.

In the following pages I shall try to write from the standpoint of a chronicler and narrator, and not as an officer of the regiment. I therefore

crave the indulgence of the reader if I happen to write of too many of my own experiences, and of events that came under my own observation. They are what I know best.

THE FUN AND FIGHTING OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

CHAPTER I

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

WHEN war was declared against Spain I was commencing to write a novel which has been completed and published since the war. I dropped the task and began writing letters to various authorities with a view to volunteering. I had been graduated at West Point and had served in the army until the Lorelei allurements of literature led me to resign. I supposed I should have no difficulty in obtaining a commission. I wrote to the Secretary of War without success. I then wrote to General Corbin, the Adjutant General of the army—no hope. I followed this up with a letter to General Miles, whom I had the honour to meet while in the service at Fort Apache, Arizona. Same story. I appealed to the President. Like result. All of these gentlemen answered politely but briefly—"No." I

have known a number of pretty but otherwise estimable young ladies to say the same thing in much the same manner.

I was more than mildly astonished. I had supposed a graduated cadet and an army officer of some experience would be useful in the emergency of sudden war. I felt as many of my rejected manuscripts have looked—especially like one that a certain magazine, published in a town on the Hudson, held for a year in its office. This manuscript went forth arrayed like a bridegroom going to his wedding. It came back in the condition of the prodigal son. Of course it was not the fault of the magazine or its editors. Time had done the deed. When I wrote for the return of this manuscript I sent three two-cent stamps with the letter asking that the story be sent to my address at that time. I had moved during the year, and my stamped and addressed envelope inclosed with the MS. would take my story to the other end of a long railway system and beyond. Not the editor, but apparently some one else, returned the manuscript in the stamped and directed envelope. The three stamps were accepted, though they have not appeared yet in the magazine.

Having inherited some tenacity of purpose from distant relatives who sleep in ancient New

England graveyards, I tried again. I had some classmates and West Point friends in the War Department, and I wrote to them. Their answers coincided with mathematical accuracy. There were millions of men who wanted to volunteer, but most of them wanted to be officers. The majority wanted to be brigadier generals, but would take a second lieutenancy if they could do no better.

The situation reminded me of one that existed in Sweetwater County, Wyoming, in the later seventies. There was one militia company in the county (the county was then as large as the state of New York) and in this company there was but one private. Every one else was an officer, commissioned, non-commissioned, or self-appointed. The one private was a human wreck who lived on whiskey—whiskey of the kind that you have to drain through your teeth. Out there, at that time, they pronounced the word "drain" as though it were spelled "dreen." The officers took turns drilling the solitary private. In the course of time he died.

Everything is fish that comes to a writer's net, if it be nothing more than the raucous voice of the woman next door scolding her spouse. I determined to pursue that coveted commission if

I had to follow it to the end of the rainbow, if only to write up my experiences. So I wrote to the two senators from the state that appointed me to West Point asking their help. My friends in Washington had assured me that I could do nothing without strong political influence. One of these senators had honoured his state and his country for half a lifetime. He made a personal appeal to the President for me, and wrote me several encouraging letters. But without avail were his kindly efforts. The other senator was in his first term in the senate and was the most bellicose member of that body in regard to the war with Spain. He never lost an opportunity to belch his thunder, but my plaintive appeal was lost in its reverberations. He never answered my letter.

After this I wrote to the governors of three states in which I had resided, offering my services in any capacity. My ambition was deadened. I was now ready to go as a water-carrier. A fault in sex alone prevented me from volunteering as a vivandière. From each of these governors I received a neatly type-written reply declining my proffered aid. I made one last appeal to the War Department. On the morning of April 30th, 1898, I received a note of three lines signed by Secre-

tary Alger. The three lines stood for a polite "No." Then I started in to write up my experiences. The work was not completed when I received the same day a telegram from Colonel Wood asking me if I would be willing to go with the 1st Volunteer Calvalry as Regimental Quartermaster.

Would I? I would have been willing to go as an army mule by that time. I answered in the affirmative. The next night I started for Washington to clinch the appointment before some one more enterprising had snatched it from me.

On that next morning, May 2d, I met Colonel Wood at the War Department, was introduced to Secretary Alger, who consented to my appointment very graciously (after twice refusing me one previously), and was mustered into the service of the United States about half an hour after I entered the building. Colonel Wood was to start for San Antonio that night. He wanted me to go with him, but it was necessary for me to return to New York for my clothes and a quick disposition of business affairs. All this I did in a state of great elation. At the time I did not know it, but some friends had been quietly at work in my behalf without my knowledge. There are lights as well as shadows in this dreary life. I think the world

of my enemies because they keep me struggling to maintain my head above water. I would not part with one of them, and hope that Dame Fortune will give me more. But it is kind of restful once in a while to learn, in a quiet, practical way, that you have friends.

On the trip to Washington just mentioned I was in a state of nervous perturbation. I do not refer to New Jersey. It was a mental state. I fancied that every young looking man in the train was going to Washington to get the particular office I was after. Before the time for starting I looked them over carefully. Among them I found William Astor Chanler. I had signed with the regiment he had raised, as well as with one that was being raised by Lafayette Post G. A. R. Chanler's regiment was rejected, and I suppose —if he enclosed stamps—was returned to him. I viewed him with suspicion, and I have no doubt he looked upon me in the same light. He told me he was going down to Florida to start an expedition or something of that nature in his own yacht and on his own account, by and with the approval of the Junta. I forget what particular excuse I gave for being pointed in the direction of Washington. It is well to forget such things. The next day we met in the War Department.

He had just been appointed a Captain on General Wheeler's staff. I had just been appointed to Colonel Wood's staff. We shook hands very cordially and grinned. Explanations were unnecessary.

On the 3d I started for San Antonio, where the regiment was to rendezvous, arriving there on the 7th. The Arizona contingent had arrived the day before, under command of Major Brodie, and was camped at the Fair Grounds, the men occupying the main building, the officers the gallery, save Major Brodie, who occupied a tent. Our pack train was also camped on the grounds, having just arrived from St. Louis, and the packers had already begun the instructions of the mules. It was a fine train, splendidly equipped, and it was a pity we could not take it with us, later, to Cuba. By the time we were ready to embark at Tampa it was thoroughly trained, and this is saying much. It had been divided into three trains, one for each squadron. Each of these trains was led by a bell mare, and the rapidity with which the mules learned to follow their own mare and stay with their own train was wonderful. Still more wonderful was it to see the ease with which they were trained to take their places in line, each in front of his own pack outfit, either to be loaded or to

have his back cleaned at the end of a practice march. Indeed there is but one fault to find with the pack mule of the American army. He is of a deeply religious nature and says his brayers vociferously at unseemly times. No one kicks at his kicking. In fact a use was discovered for it by one of the Rough Riders. When the gas had escaped from the signal balloon sent up at San Juan to view the enemy's position, one of our men suggested that if we had a couple of our pack mules with us they could kick the balloon into the clouds.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Headquarters and the Arizona contingent arrived almost simultaneously with the pack train. Alas, the equipment and stores, which Colonels Wood and Roosevelt had with great foresight started on their way to the rendezvous by fast freight, some time before, had not arrived. Major Brodie's squadron had come provided with little or nothing in the way of bedding or anything else, as was quite natural. Every one supposed that everything necessary would be on hand before the arrival of the first soldier in the regiment. Colonel Wood was of course grievously disappointed, but immediately put his shoulder to the wheels that were in reach, and Colonel Roosevelt in Wash-

ington put his broad shoulders to the car wheels at his end of the line. Our freight cars were lost here, there, and everywhere along the roads. We did not understand the system of running southern railroads then. We do not now. Our equipment was to come by *fast* freight! And in a government emergency at that!

In this dilemma it was well that we had two such human reservoirs of kinetic energy at either end of the line as Wood and Roosevelt. I will not attempt to say how much wire was burned off the telegraph terminals by the telegrams sent by these two officers, or how many instruments were damaged; but the total destruction must have been considerable. At any rate the wheels began to move, and in a few days the equipment began arriving, in small and varied carloads at first, but eventually with a rush. In the meantime Colonel Roosevelt, boiling with anxiety to join and get into the practical work, was compelled to remain in Washington to keep things moving. If a hitch occurred anywhere (and there were many of them) he could go straight to the man whose single word would straighten matters out. In all this he was doing about as important work as any one did in the campaign. His foresight, as I have said before, and Colonel Wood's, had

wrung from Dally, Dilatory & Co.—who were in charge of affairs at Washington before war was formally declared—as fine an equipment as a cavalry regiment could desire. They were equally successful in handling Hurry, Haste & Co. (unlimited) after war was declared. It was harder work handling the railroads, but it was accomplished. We are all beginning to realise, to be dimly conscious of the very patent fact, that the people are made of the railroads, by the railroads, and for the railroads. When a railroad is elected President of the United States and both houses of Congress are filled with railroads we will understand the situation thoroughly.

While waiting patiently (satirical for impatiently) for the railroads to disgorge, something had to be done to provide even the slightest comfort for the men. Here Colonel Wood bent his energies with the almost tireless activity with which he—the only white man who ever did it—ran over mountain trails in Arizona in company with Apache scouts until the scouts dropped from exhaustion. Fort Sam Houston was situated at the other side of San Antonio on Government Hill, and was garrisoned by a part of the generous and celebrated Fifth Cavalry. They came to our rescue nobly, as did the staff departments. We drew

everything that could be spared from the quartermaster's stores at the post and after that borrowed condemned cooking utensils, camp equipage, and so forth which were awaiting the order for destruction. It was not an inspiring sight to see three or four troopers of Ours drinking coffee out of a single cup (there were by no means enough to go around) that had been condemned as unfit for a regular to use. It was the same with tin plates. Several men ate from one plate with their fingers, for we had no knives or forks to give them, but there was not a complaint. Those men were thoroughbreds. But I often wondered what they thought of such a state of affairs.

In the meantime the Fifth Cavalry was waiting with harrowing anxiety for orders to go to the front, and nervous with fear that they would be one of the regiments to be left in their own country. This did not prevent them from aiding us, however. Lieutenant Haines of that regiment, Post Commissary, took charge of the important duty of feeding us. Our horses were bought by the Quartermaster stationed there, and were provided with hay and grain from the post. Lieutenant Jenkins, the Adjutant of the Fifth, provided everything he could spare, including to me personally (he was a classmate of mine at West

Point) an old pair of shoulder straps—the only ones I was able to obtain during the war. We ordered and ordered all sorts of necessary insignia, but the dealers were too busy with orders nearer home to pay any attention to us. It was useless to order khaki uniforms. All cloth of that description was already in the hands of the tailors, who had not then a sufficient supply. The mills were just beginning to manufacture a further and sufficient quantity. As a consequence most of the officers were compelled to buy the brown uniforms issued to enlisted men and have them altered into something like a fit, or to buy the material and have uniforms made. These were decorated with yellow cloth ; and in many instances the insignia were cut out of this cloth and sewed on. Afterwards in the field, when jackets were thrown away, these yellow cloth tokens of rank were cut out of the yellow trimmings on the discarded jacket and sewn on the shirt, or cut out of tin from empty tomato cans. I am rather certain that Colonel Roosevelt himself wore more or less of this untailor-made roughness and was rather proud of it. Both he and Colonel Wood came provided with kahki uniforms. They looked very nice at first, but after a week's wear and a washing they looked sadly different.

A number of the men who joined from the North and East also came provided with khaki uniforms, and gave themselves away as being promised or anticipating appointments as commissioned officers. They had to adopt the brown overalls for a time, but most of them clung to the pretty khaki suits until they could wear them with propriety.

Among ourselves we were known, and officially also, as the 1st U. S. Volunteer Cavalry. The newspapers, however, had named the regiment the "Rough Riders," probably on account of the apt alliteration with Colonel Roosevelt's name. Most of the papers were friendly and complimentary to an unnecessary degree, but this very fact made others disparage the regiment, and some to actually revile it. Nor did the publicity given to the regiment do us any good with the regular army. The regiment was advertised too much. If it had been a Wild West show the advertising would have been invaluable. But to a regiment of men earnestly intent, from colonel to corporal and from A on the roster of privates to Z, on preparing themselves for duty as soldiers in the quickest time on record, it was quite unwelcome. There were some men in the army—as there are in all ranks and classes of men—who were weak enough to be jealous; and some of them had the

power and opportunity to throw obstacles in the way of the regiment. But the regiment never had any difficulty in riding over those obstacles—and often somewhat "roughly" at that.

It is but fair to say that most of this jealousy disappeared later in the campaign. After the charge at San Juan a trooper of the Rough Riders shouted, "Somebody give me a chew of tobacco." An officer in command of a troop of regulars near him pulled a plug of the desired weed from his pocket and gave it to the man, saying, "Here, you fellows can have anything I've got." And before the campaign ended Colonel Roosevelt was a more potent factor in the army of invasion than most of the grizzled veterans of the civil war.

CHAPTER II

THE BAPTISM OF DISCIPLINE

It was the original hope and intention of the regiment to be given a roving commission in Cuba —to act almost independently, I suppose, somewhat after the manner of Marion's men. The idea was to equip, drill, march part way to the coast, thence—from some convenient point—go by rail to Galveston and take ship for some point in Cuba, west of Havana. After this it was expected that we should act more or less in conjunction with the Cuban forces and make an extended foray through the island.

It soon developed, however, that Havana would not be the objective point of the army ; and that our chance lay in being ordered to join the 5th army corps, which was mobilizing at Tampa. This required all the more haste in equipping and drilling, for we expected to hear every day that the expedition had sailed. At first, indeed, the future seemed quite hopeless. In a few weeks, however, telegrams began to reach Colonel Wood asking

how soon the regiment would be ready to start. It was with pardonable pride that the Colonel answered the very first of these with a telegram to the effect that the regiment was ready to move at a moment's notice with its full complement of men thoroughly equipped and mounted, with its horses all shod and a pair of extra shoes fitted for every horse in the regiment. All this had been done in three weeks, in fact in less than that time. If there is any record in the world to beat that the Rough Riders would like to have it produced. As a matter of fact the Rough Riders were in as good a condition to fight the battle of Guasimas on May 24th, 1898, as they were on June 24th. Most of the time intervening was spent in travel by land and sea.

How was it done? The only answer is, by the expenditure of an enormous amount of American energy. Even to-day it seems almost like a dream to the writer. Both Colonels Wood and Roosevelt were saturated with energy, and the officers and men added their own with grim enthusiasm.

The first ten days broke the back of the difficulty of organizing; but it was a ten days the writer never wishes to see again. I was Regimental Quartermaster by appointment. Lieutenant Capron of the 7th Cavalry was to be Adjutant

when he arrived. But he was elected Captain by one of the Indian Territory troops he had mustered in, and the office of Adjutant was later given to me. In the meantime, however, I acted as Adjutant in addition to my duties as Quartermaster. I also acted as Commissary, and likewise had charge of the ordnance stores. For several weeks I acted nominally as troop commander of "K" troop which at that time did not have a commissioned officer present. It was necessary that some one in the nature of a commissioned officer should be responsible for the property issued to the troop, and I was the only available man.

Let me explain here that I use the term "commissioned officer" for convenience. As a matter of fact we were all officers by appointment.

In addition to my other duties I acted as instructor in guard duty. On top of all I had to study the new cavalry drill regulations, a pretty good job in itself, for three weeks. Added to the rest I had to sign passes for the men to leave camp; and answer (to the best of my ability) the questions of many anxious learners. As Regimental Quartermaster I had to receipt for practically everything delivered to the regiment—and one thing or another was being delivered constantly. As the original Quartermaster Sergeant deserted

within a day or two after his arrival in camp and we had no Commissary Sergeant until later, I was unable to make out receipts for myself when issuing to the troops, and I was prepared to go into bankruptcy when the government got around to demanding my accounts, receipts, expenditures and so forth. Nor did I ever get receipts, save for the various things loaned from the condemned stores at Fort Sam Houston. These had to be returned so that they could be destroyed to the satisfaction of the inspector at his next visit. Eventually the matter was straightened out, as both Colonels Wood and Roosevelt assured me it would be, and I rest in the serene consciousness that if the government's account with me does not balance it is because the government owes me and not I the government. I am willing to call it square though. If the government is rich enough to stand it I am poor enough to take a like view of the situation.

It was all excellent practice, however. Before we broke camp at San Antonio I can almost say —not quite but almost—that I could sign a receipt with one hand and a pass with the other, at the same time answering the questions of a mystified member of the guard and dissecting a new and wonderful movement in the drill regulations.

Very often after I had dissected such a movement, some regular officer would happen along and inform me that the movement had been materially altered by recent amendments to the drill regulations. And in some cases after puzzling my head over something that seemed utterly incomprehensible, to say nothing of impossible, I would learn in the same way that there was a mistake in the book, either in the diagram or in the text.

The passes to leave camp were the greatest nuisance, however. They were granted at first on the slightest excuse. It was the wise policy of our Colonel to break the men into discipline by degrees, and gradually tighten the bonds. As a consequence passes innumerable were issued at first, and their duration extended sometimes over night. Day by day the number granted became more reduced and the duration limited, until, before the regiment left San Antonio, the men had become acccustomed to the restraint of military life to a very satisfactory degree. It was hard work though. The hardest that ever fell to me. Colonel Wood had to be here, there, and everywhere, and his waggon was constantly on the go. Before leaving in the morning he would give directions that passes should be issued to so many men from each troop—always providing that the

permission of the troop commander had been previously obtained. He would also name the time at which the pass would expire. The result would be something like this, even though due notice had been given.

A private would stroll up to the Adjutant's tent in a half embarrassed but thoroughly good-natured way. He would walk in and take a seat. Then a conversation would ensue much like the following.

THE ADJUTANT. Now, Smith (fictitious name of course), I don't want to hurt your feelings, but it is not proper for you to come into an officer's tent like this. If this were the only regiment in the army, that sort of thing might be passed over. But you will have to meet a great many officers who are not of your regiment, and you must learn the proper way to do these things, if only to keep yourself out of trouble.

PRIVATE SMITH. Well, I'm here to learn, Lieutenant. What must I do?

THE ADJUTANT. When you come up to the tent of an officer, halt at the entrance, salute, and wait until you are spoken to. If the officer has not heard you or seen you come up rap

lightly on the tent pole. He will then ask you what you want and you can explain.

(Smith, looking rather sheepish, leaves the tent, comes up in the prescribed manner, salutes, and stands at attention.)

THE ADJUTANT. Well, Smith, what is it?

SMITH. I'd like to get a pass signed, Lieutenant.

THE ADJUTANT. All right, hand it to me.

(Smith enters the tent triumphantly, holding out the pass, but makes a further mistake. This time he thinks he is all right, so he sits down again.)

THE ADJUTANT. Not a bit like it, Smith. When you enter an officer's tent take your hat off and stand at attention. When you are through make an about face and go out.

(With another sheepish smile Smith stands at attention and takes his hat off. The Adjutant glances quickly at the pass.)

THE ADJUTANT. Why, this pass isn't signed by your troop commander, Smith.

SMITH. The Captain's gone to town, Lieutenant.

THE ADJUTANT. Then your 1st Lieutenant is troop commander. Get him to sign it.

SMITH. He's gone to town with the Captain, sir.

THE ADJUTANT. Then get your 2d Lieutenant to sign it.

SMITH. I can't find him, sir.

THE ADJUTANT. What troop do you belong to?

SMITH. "X" troop, sir.

THE ADJUTANT. Well, your 2d Lieutenant was here a little while ago and said he was going over to the picket line of his troop, so you'll probably find him there. And, by the way, have him put in the time you are to be away.

(Smith departs and returns in a few minutes. This time he does very well about saluting and so forth.)

THE ADJUTANT. Why, Smith, this pass reads from 7 P.M., until midnight. The Colonel gave orders, as you ought to know, and as your troop commander must know, that passes would not be good after nine o'clock.

SMITH. Why, Lieutenant, that would give me only two hours,—hardly time enough to get into town and back.

THE ADJUTANT. I can't help that, Smith. Those are the Colonel's orders.

SMITH (growing restive and on the point of anger). Lieutenant, this is the first time I have asked for a pass in ten days.

THE ADJUTANT. I'm sorry, Smith. But I have authority to give passes good until that time only.

SMITH. It's important business, Lieutenant. I've got some money sent by telegraph, and I want to get it. And I've got to send some telegrams and buy some things I need, too.

THE ADJUTANT. There is no use talking about it. I have no authority in the matter whatever. Colonel Wood gave me the orders, and I have to obey them just as you do.

SMITH (angrily). Well, I don't see——

THE ADJUTANT. Now that will do.

(Smith leaves, and Private Brown comes up).

The dialogue between Brown and the Adjutant is very similar, though quite as provoking, except that in this case the difficulty is that Brown's troop commander has already issued as many passes as his troop is entitled to under the Colonel's orders. In both these cases the men return to their troops in a highly indignant frame of mind; and, as both consider that it is entirely a personal display of meanness on the part of the Adjutant, the latter is loved neither wisely nor too well. In fact not at all.

After such a thing has happened twenty or

thirty times in one day the Adjutant has to have the patience of Job not to lose his temper. The Adjutant in this case was not provided by nature with the patience of Job, and the men soon came to understand what "yes" and "no" meant in military matters. It must not be understood that the men of the regiment as a rule were hard to handle or particularly unreasonable. In fact there is hardly a doubt that they took kindlier to discipline (and there was no child's play in the discipline of the regiment) than the average militia regiments that had had the advantage of complete organization for years. They simply did not know, and there was very little time to teach them. They were all men saturated with the independence of Americans, and especially with the independence of Western Americans. Many of them were men of wealth and position, more accustomed to disciplining others than to being disciplined themselves. As a consequence there were some misunderstandings now and then, some more or less bitter disappointments regarding promotions and so forth. But all were terribly in earnest, and when they once "caught on to the game" there was very little more trouble.

So far as receipting for stores, rations, equipment, ordnance, horses, mules, ammunition, and

what not, I was utterly helpless. I had but one member of the non-commissioned staff to depend on and he was worked in his own department until both Colonel Wood and myself feared he would break down. This was Sergeant-Major Carr. He was appointed a 1st Lieutenant before we left San Antonio, and no man deserved promotion better. But he could give me no help in the other departments. In a day or two I was so lost in signing receipts that I gave up trying to look after them particularly. Indeed I finally reached a point when I would have signed a receipt for the *New York World* building or Cervera's fleet without a question. Through these first eight or ten days I averaged about four hours' sleep during each twenty-four. Colonel Wood got little more, if as much. When no one else was bothering him he could always depend on my doing so. It was usually not until the camp was soundly asleep that I got a chance to make my reports to him and get his directions for the following day.

CHAPTER III

ROUGH LIFE IN CAMP WOOD

IT was a fortunate thing for all concerned that the contingents from the various territories did not arrive on the same day, or even in the same week. We were able to take care of them as they arrived, therefore, with some slight degree of success. But, even as it was, the enlisted men of the regiment got a taste of very rough work from the moment they arrived at San Antonio. Men slept two or three to a single blanket on the bare floor of the main building. It was not until the delayed stores arrived that each had a blanket for himself. In this extremity many of the men had to use the blankets and mantas belonging to the pack mule outfits, and two troops for several nights slept in the hay at the pavilion. Borrowing from the pack outfits was a nuisance of the first water, as the articles had to be returned each morning in order that they might be used on the mules, and obtained again each night. They were loaned very grumblingly, too. The train

master of a pack train is something of a despot. He is a civilian (being hired, not enlisted, by the government), but is not necessarily very civil. As Quartermaster I was responsible for the whole outfit, and I had to insist on my authority to obtain the loan of even this makeshift bedding. One of the subordinate train masters was particularly disagreeable. He would not obey the chief packer, and had to get a lesson from me specially provided for himself. After that he was surly. That is not a good thing to be with military superiors. It merely called their attention to him more particularly. A few nights later the sentinels discovered that some of the packers under this man were trading government oats issued to his train for liquor and other luxuries—and after the storm had cleared he was no longer surly.

Too much praise can hardly be given the men of the regiment for the patience with which they accepted all this even unusual roughness. The camp was the most orderly one, considering its size, I have ever seen. More or less drunkenness can be expected in any large body of men; but it looked for a time as though every man in the regiment had signed the pledge. Later there were a few cases of the ebullition and destructive distillation of spirits, but they were very rare.

And to the greater credit of the men it can be truthfully said that there were plenty of opportunities for them to get liquor if so they wished. It was not permitted to be sold in the camp or on the grounds, but bars were erected outside Colonel Wood's jurisdiction. The proprietors did not become wealthy. There were a few rumours from the city of Rough Riders who jumped their horses over street cars, but there were palpable reasons for doubting the truth of the stories. But one man in the regiment was arrested by the police of San Antonio. His offence was trivial, and he was turned over to the regiment when it left for Tampa. On the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt he was appointed to the duty of Field Officer's Court. The few cases of intoxication and minor delinquencies (probably less than ten) were turned over to him. He usually punished the delinquent by word of mouth, and the business end of the Colonel's tongue was feared more than a stay in the guard house.

While on this subject it is only fair to the regiment to defend it against two attacks made upon its character which were wholly unjust.

The first was occasioned by the malevolence of a San Antonio paper. Except during certain hours in the afternoon civilians were not per-

mitted within the limits of camp, unless provided with a written pass or accompanied by one of the commissioned officers of the regiment. These passes were issued to the representatives of the papers, including the newsboys who sold them. The youngster who sold the copies of the paper in question was of the description of boy who prefers the irregular way of doing things. To his romantic nature it was much more delightful to climb the fence or creep through a hole and scoot across a sentinel's post while the latter was not looking. He was caught the first time he tried it, and was warned that if he repeated the offence his pass would be taken away from him. He promptly tried it again, was again caught, and his pass confiscated. From that date on no more copies of his paper were sold in Camp Wood. The paper proceeded to get even in the usual way. Having little opportunity it made one. A San Antonio band gave a concert at a picnic ground not far from the camp, and the regiment was invited to attend. A fairly large number of the men did so, and fortunately some of the officers attended. One of the selections on the programme was of a military nature. That is to say, the members of the band fired revolvers loaded with blank cartridges at certain of the harmonious

strains. This suited the crowd from town right down to the turf. They joined in the chorus with revolvers containing cartridges that were anything but blank. Men yelled, women screamed, and a frightened waiter dropped several glasses of beer. The paper aforesaid accused the men of the regiment of firing these revolvers. As a matter of fact every revolver and carbine in the regiment was under guard in the various companies, and not a round of ammunition had at that time been issued. The officers in attendance, including one of the field officers, were able to explain that not a man belonging to the regiment joined in the fusillade. But the matter was dished up in clever style and printed in newspapers all over the country. The vitality of a lie is amazing. The other papers in San Antonio, however, treated us with more fairness, and the courtesy of the officials of the city was unvarying.

The second misunderstanding was less serious, but was more mortifying than the first. It was while we were en route to Tampa. The regiment was preceded over the rails by an entirely different organisation calling itself "Rough Riders." From the stories told on their journey they must have had quite a lively trip. Unfortunately the tarnished glory of it was laid to the 1st U. S. Vol-

unteer Cavalry. And again the news was spread broadcast. As a matter of fact the errors made by the newspapers were saddening. We often read in Northern papers of prominence of our arrival in Tampa long before we received orders to go there. The Rough Riders were not all of them angels or Sunday-school teachers. They were representative men from their sections of the country, however, very earnestly intent on the business before them.

The make-up of the regiment was one of its most interesting features. Was there ever before such a personnel in the ranks of a military organisation? We could have made up a certain child's game to fit all the buttons a French dressmaker could sew on a gown.

Rich man, poor man, Indian chief,
Doctor, lawyer, not one thief,
Merchant, sheriff, artist, clerk,
Clubman, quite unused to work,
Miner, ocean gondolier,
Broker, banker, engineer,
Cowboy, copper, actor, mayor,
College athletes, men of prayer,
Champion amateur sports, to boot—
And all of them could ride and shoot.

The list could be prolonged considerably. The matter interested me greatly. I had found every profession represented but one. As I sat down at

the dry-goods box dinner table one day, I mentioned the fact, and wondered audibly if there was an actor in the regiment. I was promptly informed of three. We had one newspaper correspondent in the ranks. He corresponded for a newspaper just once. He was then "interviewed" by Colonel Wood and concluded to write no more during his stay in the regiment.

This bizarre make-up of the regiment gave me some queer experiences. It is not often that the Adjutant of a regiment of soldiers has a millionaire for an orderly one day, a cotillon leader the next, an arctic explorer the next, an African traveller the next and, so on through the roster. It was well for the writer that the brown uniforms came soon, and they all looked alike before he could differentiate between the cowboy and the ex-colonel on some governor's staff; otherwise the job would have been as embarrassing as it was unceasing. At the present moment I do not like to even wonder how many men of wealth, position, and power have done my official errands. I can only say that the work was all done willingly and well. No one can measure the self-abnegation of such men.

The regiment was a community. It was "rough." Oh yes! But if you wanted anything done from the mending of a shoe to the building

of a railroad you had but to raise your voice and ask for a man to do it. An expert would appear. We even had a naval officer in the person of one of our surgeons and a West Point cadet. Shorthand writers, telegraph operators, electricians, and type-writists were in abundance. Two of our captains were editors and I had to accept many manuscripts from them. For a short time we even had one opium fiend. We soon got rid of him.

The number of men who wanted to join the regiment was simply amazing. The grand total numbered about ten thousand. One man, celebrated for his daring and ability as a frontiersman, formed an entire company of picked men, Texans I think, and came to camp to volunteer for himself and his band of willing fighters. He was a man of such repute that the thought never occurred to him that the regiment was full to overflowing and that there was no place for him. When the situation was explained to him he was silent with wonder.

To cap the climax we had two Spaniards in the regiment. One of these was Captain Luna, a thorough American, but of direct Spanish descent. The other was not discovered until he appeared on guard, and the discovery was a particularly ticklish piece of business. It was during the last

few days of camp. Night had settled on the dirty, sandy plain on which the little shelter tents of the men (why they are called "shelter" tents no one knows—it is a solecism in nomenclature, they are the only tents that do not shelter) were pitched. Musical, melancholy taps had been borne on the breath of the bugle. Among the thousand men and horses there was hardly a sound save that of the sentry tramping up and down in front of the line of headquarters tents and an occasional sharp crack from the picket lines as one horse kicked another in the ribs to make him behave. Owing to the silence my ear caught the sound of a disturbance at one of the more remote sentry posts. I waited to see what the row would develop into. Presently I heard the clanking of a sabre, and the officer of the day approached.

"Say," said he, "what am I going to do? I've got a Spaniard out there on number 9."

"A Spaniard so soon!" I wondered audibly.

"Yes," answered the officer of the day. "He's the sentinel on number 9."

"Well, what's the matter with him?" I asked.

"Why," said the officer of the day, "he can't speak English. He can understand a little of it but he can't speak a word and won't try. Now

the night orders are in effect and we can't get to him either to inspect him or relieve him."

Then I understood. It was a very pretty situation. He had managed to get through during the day tours of his relief some way or other, but challenging and advancing at night required some use of the English language. It looked for a moment as though that sentinel would have to be left on post until broad daylight. But we finally managed to rout out of his slumbers a man who could speak Spanish, and sent him along as an interpreter. The Spaniard was not put on guard again until he could master enough English for the occasion.

CHAPTER IV

OUTFITTING

As I have said before, the clothing and equipment for the regiment came in assorted lots. To save time it was decided to issue the articles as soon as they were delivered to us. It was a rather bewildering proceeding. The men would be issued a spoon and a pair of gloves one day, a coat and a mess pan the next, a tin cup and a cartridge belt the next, and so on. Sometimes there would be three or four issues in a day. As the first troop to arrive was the first to be issued to, and so on in turn, there was some great foot racing between the various troops. It was no fun for them to stand in line in the hot sun waiting a turn.

But the issuing was soon reduced to a science. This was accomplished by the generous help of Captain Cooper of the regiment of which I had once been a second lieutenant, the 10th Cavalry. He observed the difficulties with which I was surrounded, and generously devoted almost all of his

time to helping me. He had mustered in the New Mexico troops and had come along with them. These, by the way, were the only troops of the regiment who brought an ounce of food with them. They turned over seven boxes of hardtack to me. They had been several days on the trip and they had got tired of hardtack. Captain Cooper spent his evenings explaining to me the uses of several thousand official blanks which had been forwarded to me in my various official capacities. I uttered many more blanks when I received them. But he did far more. He assisted in the distribution of the equipment in a manner that made our eyes stick out with wonder. He was an expert. I would call a name from a troop roll. The man would step forward promptly and run a sort of gauntlet with Captain Cooper on one side, Lieutenant Griffen, the witnessing officer, and myself on the other in prolongation of a line of open boxes each presided over by an enlisted man who would hand out the article as the victim passed. As the man advanced he would call out the size hat he wore, or the size of his shoes or gloves. Captain Cooper would take a quick critical glance at him, size him up, and call out the size and breadth of coat or trousers, and amend the size of hat or shoes if necessary in his judg-

ment. At the end of the gauntlet Major Dunn would announce that the man had been fully, if not foully dealt with, and he would be checked off accordingly. The Major was a Master of Hounds in some fox-hunting club, and was the only man who enjoyed the job. He could sit in the shade and usually had a bucket of iced lemonade by his side. He would now and then offer Griffen and myself some. I don't know what Griffen did, but the major looked so cool and comfortable generally, and so exceedingly spruce, that I usually declined the potion from sheer spite. Now and then club friends and acquaintances of the Major would run the gauntlet, and he seldom lost the opportunity for a joke at their expense, knowing that they did not dare to reply, did not even dare to grin.

Some of the situations were comical. The men would sometimes get the sizes of their hats, shoes, and gloves mixed up. Sometimes there would be a mistake in the judgment of some of us in regard to the size of coat or length of trousers needed by the man. Then a woebegone line of men would appear, after the issue, with coats that would not button or coats that would go twice around the owner, with shoes that they could not get on or shoes that they could jump out of.

Immense Hamilton Fish walked grimly down the line at an issue of shoes calmly calling out a number several sizes larger than we could supply. He was about the only one of the Eastern men, college men, club men, and so forth who did not have to don rough army shoes that day.

The men had to draw the articles ordered for them whether they were in need of them, or not. The very first issue was of rubber ponchos and cheap cotton undershirts. Neither drawers, stockings nor outer shirts of blue flannel had yet arrived, and there were only enough cotton undershirts on hand at the time to go once around. Imagine a man like Woodbury Kane walking solemnly down a long row of officers and men and drawing his one cotton undershirt with as much dignity as though it were a diamond pin. He tried to escape drawing a poncho as he already had one. But fate was against him. He had to come back and take his poncho, as he was charged with one on the clothing roll and there was no time to waste on corrections. Neither did we wish to leave anything unissued.

Having finally roused the railroad authorities to action and being assured of the prompt delivery of our equipment, Colonel Roosevelt left Washington about ten days after the arrival of our first

troops and joined us at San Antonio. He was to have the tent next to Colonel Wood's, on the right of the line, and I had been occupying it in order to hold it for him. Upon his arrival I expected to sleep in my office tent, back of the line, and had made arrangements to do so. The Lieutenant-Colonel would have nothing of the kind, however. Colonel Wood so informed me when I was making preparations to move. I explained to the latter that having served in the army I was quite accustomed to being ranked out of quarters and very much preferred to let the Colonel have the privacy of the tent to which he was entitled. Colonel Wood, being a regular officer, appreciated my view of the situation but assured me that Colonel Roosevelt had declared that if the mere fact of his arrival made me move from a tent I was occupying he would put up in town. As no argument could move him, the arrangement he insisted on prevailed, and I found myself tenting with the most remarkable man I had ever met—and as I have lived in the four quarters of America, to say nothing of the centre and intermediate points, I have met many men.

Colonel Roosevelt is a man of more than medium height and a man of strength rather than grace in

movement. He is nervous, energetic, virile. He may wear out some day, but he will never rust out. I never saw a man with such a capacity for work. He seemed to be positively unhappy when he wasn't doing something. During his canvass for the Governorship of New York he was reported by the newspapers on the last day as taking a rest in the quiet of his home. I don't believe it. I don't think he could rest if he wanted to. He might possibly slow down a trifle and by comparison seem to be resting, but it would not be rest. I am quite sure he never slept more than three hours a night, and his sleep was so light that the rustle of a paper would wake him. If there was nothing else to do he could be found poring over a book on some military subject. He usually walked up and down while he read as though his body had to keep pace with his mind. He would read a page or part of one, then clasp the book in his hands behind his back and think about it. He was serenely self-unconscious. He would practice giving commands within fifty feet of half the regiment as earnestly as he would have done so had he been alone in a desert. Ordinarily people like to do their rehearsing in private. Colonel Roosevelt is an exception to most rules. He did everything with an almost ferocious earnestness, whether it

was learning the new manual of the carbine or the officer's manual of the sabre, or helping in instruction at drill. He was polite almost to the extent of making one uneasy—most of the time. Then again there were occasions when he was not polite. I suppose he usually had a reason when he was not. He frequently said that even if he did not know how to do a thing he would do it, get it done some way or other. He was by no means infallible in judgment. But he was as unchangeable as time, usually. He stood by the men he personally liked with an unswerving loyalty that was almost Grantlike. But he was not as tolerant as Grant with men whom he did not like. Though he said little of his future aspirations it was evident to all who met him that he was tremendously ambitious. So was Cæsar they say. According to his lights he was usually just in decisions affecting others, though he has not yet touched the standard of greatness in many ways. That may come in time. In many and in unusual ways he has had a hard row to hoe in his official life. Gentleness comes with the serenity of victory and the passing of years. The victory has come to Roosevelt, and the years will also, for he is hardly more than forty years of age. There are people who underestimate the man because he seems to have

had a tremendous start in life through social position and the possession of independent means. These are the people who read on the door of success only the word "pull." They are blind to the legend on the other side, "push." With his qualities of mind and untiring energy, both spurred by ambition, it is quite probable that Roosevelt would be further advanced to-day if he had been born poor and friendless.

In speaking, whether forensically or conversationally, under excitement, Colonel Roosevelt speaks much after the manner of a cannon. Each word leaves his mouth as though expelled by a charge of powder, and is followed by a short silence as though a reloading process was in operation.

There was a pronounced difference between our two colonels. Roosevelt was much the same at all times. Wood was at ordinary times gentle, soft-spoken, and almost jovial. In moments of excitement he was stern, severe, and harsh. Colonel Wood has a gift of diplomacy that may some day be utilized by the nation. Roosevelt's methods are more direct. Wood asks advice but seldom information. Roosevelt asks information but never advice. It is not often that the latter asks even information, and he does not like to

have it volunteered. Except in routine work I was almost useless to the latter as an adjutant. He seemed to want to do everything himself. I knew enough not to suggest, however.

CHAPTER V

DRILLING

THE mosquitoes in Camp Wood were something terrible and wonderful. The New Jersey mosquito is an amateur compared with his Texan cousin. I bought a mosquito netting, determining to enjoy what sleep I could get. Conversing with Colonel Wood on the subject I found that he had one also, but was not using it as he thought it would not look well in the eyes of the men. I did not use mine, therefore, but bought a bottle of rank smelling mosquito medicine, which I rubbed on my face, hands, and arms. The odour drove the mosquitoes away. It almost drove Colonel Roosevelt away, also. He had the moral courage to use a mosquito netting and did not patronize the mosquito medicine used by the rest of us.

About this time the regiment received a present of two Colt rapid-fire guns. As I have the story, they were presented by the sisters of Woodbury Kane and one or two of the privates of "K"

troop. The detail for them was, therefore, made up from "K" troop. When Colonel Wood examined them he discovered that there was but a limited supply of ammunition with them. We could not use our ammunition in them, but the Mauser bullet, which is a trifle smaller than our own, fitted them exactly.

"All right," said Colonel Wood, "we'll capture the ammunition for them from the Spaniards." And this was actually done. At San Juan a large supply of Spanish ammunition was captured by the regiment and used in the guns against the Spaniards.

As the "K" troop clubmen now had something "more than the rest of the regiment" a joke had to be played on them to make things even. As already stated men had to be possessed of a pass in order to leave camp. This they exhibited to the sentinel at the sally port as they went out, again on their return, and if they had overstayed their time they were promptly marched to the guard house. A smart sentinel took advantage of the unsuspicious nature of some of the "K" troop men, and insisted on taking up their passes as they went out. When they returned another sentinel was on post, they had no passes and were promptly locked up. They were all men of social prominence

in the East and every move they made was carefully noted by the papers. They were in great fear, therefore, that the fact that they had been locked up in the guard house would be published broadcast, and they had several conniption fits before matters were explained and they were liberated.

The horses for the regiment were purchased before the arrival of the horse equipments. They were all Western horses, most of them broncos although a few were of mixed blood—half thoroughbreds. (As a matter of fact the bronco is of mixed blood himself.) Troopers were sent from our camp to Fort Sam Houston several times a day to ride or drive the accepted horses to our picket lines. As most of these horses were practically unbroken, the men were constantly performing feats of horsemanship that were truly remarkable. A trooper would tie ten or twelve of the horses head to head with the cheap, weak, rope halters with which they were provided when purchased. He would then jump on the bare back of another, drive his own untamed steed with nothing but a similar halter, and lead, at the same time, the aforesaid eight or ten. There were some wild times along the road. In some cases the horses would be driven in herds through San Antonio.

Then there were even wilder times. On one occasion forty horses were lost in a bunch. It was late at night and during one of the fiercest thunder storms I ever witnessed. I have seen it rain perpendicularly and at a number of angles with the plane of the horizon. This was the only time I ever saw it rain horizontally. I am not quite sure but that it rained upward at a small angle rather than downward. At any rate the camp was turned into a lake in about half an hour and I, personally, got a bath that was more thorough than cleanly. I had to go out into the storm to check off the few horses that arrived and to look after a waggon load of rations that was stuck in the mud a couple of hundred yards out of camp. The waggon had to be left in the road. It was very wet bread that the men had for breakfast next morning. All the horses were found the next day save two. A board of survey cleared me of responsibility for these two and some others that were lost. Some of them were found after the regiment had reached Tampa, and we were ahead of the game just that much.

As soon as a sufficient number of horses had arrived the distribution to troops began. The colours chosen by the different troops were as follows :

"A" Troop	Captain O'Neill	Bays.
"B" "	Captain McClintock	Sorrels.
"C" "	Captain Alexander	Browns.
'D" "	Captain Huston	Grays.
"E" "	Captain Muller	Sorrels.
"F" "	Captain Luna	Bays.
"G" "	Captain Llewellyn	Browns,
"H" "	Captain Curry	Grays.
"I" "	Captain McGinnis	Browns.
"K" "	Captain Jenkins	Bays.
"L" "	Captain Capron	Roans.
"M" "	Captain Bruce	Sorrels.

There was not a troop in the regiment which did not have what in the Western vernacular is called the "rustling" spirit. The verb "to rustle" means not only to work hard, but to "get what you want" in some way or other. There was considerable rivalry among the troops in choosing horses. If one troop had a horse that looked likely to another, and of a sufficiently proper colour, the chances were that it would be found missing from its picket line and another found in its stead at the next morning stables. If not nabbed by some other troop the next night, another morning stables would find it back in its original place, along with several others by way of retribution.

Likewise it was wonderful how some horses of poor build would be found picketed out to a tree by themselves, with no troop to do them honour. A discovery of this kind would be accompanied by a coincident discovery by some captain that he had been charged with more horses than he really had. All this was done while there was a regimental stable guard. The difficulties were overcome by letting each troop have the usual stable guard.

After this in each troop the men drew by lots for horses. Well it was for those who had the pick of the lot ; but it was quite different with those who were unlucky enough to stand low or lowest in the list. These usually got equine devils, though none of the mounts were prepared by disposition or training to join the heavenly choir. Frantic efforts were made to get rid of the worst, and some were condemned together with a few pack mules that were totally unfit for paradise.

While the squadrons were forming for squadron drill one day, the headquarters and staff officers had foregathered near the picket lines. One trooper had been left behind by his troop, and was vainly trying to mount his bronco, some short distance away. He would put his foot in the stirrup and prepare to mount. But the moment

the horse felt the slightest weight he would lie gracefully down. Time after time the man tried to mount, at the same time looking appealingly at Colonels Wood and Roosevelt. He was making a desperate play to have that horse condemned, and he thought he had a golden opportunity. Although we were all biting our lips to suppress our laughter none of us appeared to be observing the manœuvres of the trooper and his horse. At length he approached Colonel Wood and saluted, saying :

"Colonel, it's utterly impossible to ride this horse. He lies down every time I try to get on him."

Of course the Colonel had made up his mind to have the animal condemned, but he answered the man jokingly :

"Why, that horse looks all right. Get right on him."

Quite confident that a repetition of the lying-down trick would convince the Colonel, the man made another effort to mount. The horse stood as rigid as a rock—and the disgusted rider galloped off to his troop. The horse, however, was condemned later.

While the horses bought for the regiment were small as a rule, they were of the hardy, rough stock that stands exposure and hard work year in and

year out in the far West. They could and would eat almost anything. It was dismal work trying to fatten them, however. They will not acquire flesh. Their food seems to turn at once into energy. By a peculiar arrangement the regiment did possess some very fine horses, however, of a bluer blood. Many of the Eastern men brought or bought their own horses, valued up in the hundreds, and sold them to the government at the rates that were being paid by the purchasing board for Western horses, with the agreement, of course, that these horses should be assigned to them. By such an arrangement a private (a man of considerable notoriety) came to ride the finest horse in the regiment.

The ability of the men to ride saved many months of time, and the ease with which they learned the mounted drill was wonderful. Regimental drill began about two weeks after the arrival of the first squadron, and was held, mounted, practically every day thereafter. It usually lasted from three to four hours, and almost always included a practice march. There were squadron and troop drills also, battle formations in bodies from a squad up to a regiment, and also dismounted drills and practice with the manual of arms. These drills, added to the unceasing duties

of ordinary routine work, kept the men busy from reveille till taps.

The first casualties occurred in Camp Wood. Marshall Bird, one of the best riders in the regiment, was thrown by a runaway horse he had been riding bareback with a halter. The horse made a dash through the sally-port at a tree, made an abrupt halt, and Bird went on head first into the tree. He suffered a broken skull and concussion of the brain. Though his life was despaired of, he eventually pulled through, but had to be mustered out. On May 26th Irad Cochran died of spinal meningitis and the first funeral service in the regiment was conducted in the main building at the fair grounds, by Chaplain Brown. On Sundays divine service was held in the same building, and on one occasion the "Fighting Bishop" of Texas held services there, proclaiming earnestly that the war was a holy war, and bidding the men do their duty for that reason and not from a spirit of revenge on account of the destruction of the *Maine*.

Toward the latter end of camp the work of the regiment had become fairly methodical—wonderfully so considering the time the men had been together. Lieutenant Schwaizer relieved me as Regimental Quartermaster, and I was appointed

Adjutant and relieved of all other duties. At this time I also had the good fortune to get a sergeant major from the regulars. This was 1st Sergeant Ernest Stecker and he was a great help. A regular commissary sergeant was temporarily assigned to the regiment and the troops were rationed with much more regularity and taught how to make their rations last to the best advantage. Our troop cooks, like all other American cooks, were inclined to be wasteful. The work in the Adjutant's office had developed, however, and I was in but little better shape, so far as personal labour was concerned, than I had been before. In fact there were some disadvantages. When I held my triple and quadruple offices the Quartermaster could get anything he wanted from the Adjutant and the Adjutant anything he wanted from the Quartermaster without the fear of an argument, disagreement, refusal—even without the speaking of a word. Now all this was changed. I soon learned that the office of adjutant was not a particularly desirable one, and I often envied the men in ranks. Hereafter when I hear of a man being appointed adjutant of a regiment I shall sympathize with him. He is the buffer between headquarters and the rest of the regiment, and God have mercy on him. It matters not how amiable

his superiors and inferiors in office may be, the adjutant is "in for it" all around the block. To be sure there was a slight increase of pay over the ordinary pay of a 1st Lieutenant, but none of us volunteered for the pay, and, if I personally had, it would have proved a very poor business arrangement, as the campaign and the fever that followed cost me about twice as much as I drew from the government, and the fever nearly turned my toes to the daisies.

CHAPTER VI

WAITING

THE behaviour of all the men was wonderfully good during the trying times of organisation. Some things went wrong, of course, but that was to be expected.

A troop commander would complain that his men had had no bread for two days. An investigation would discover the fact that his sergeant had failed to send in his bread tickets. On one occasion a man brought a small bunch of them to me that he had picked up on the parade ground. As there had been an unusual amount of trouble in the bread matter, I went to the post baker at Fort Sam Houston and discovered that he owed bread to nearly every troop in the regiment. It was all there, they simply had not drawn it. After the situation was explained to the men, the various sergeants in charge of those matters made no more mistakes.

Then the contractor who supplied the beef began trying to turn an occasional penny by furnish-

ing meat that was not according to contract regulations. He had to be pulled up short.

These matters are mentioned to show what an enormous amount of minutiæ the few experienced officers in the regiment had to attend to.

The regimental commander was not exempt himself. He even had to settle a quarrel and a fight between two men who were obliged to eat out of the same plate with the instruments that Nature provided before she did knives and forks. These men had been fast friends. The stew resulted from the eating of a stew, I believe, and the larger man got the best parts on his side of the plate. After the fight and a little cooling down in the guard house, Colonel Wood gave them a lecture, got them both to crying, and sent them back to their troop fast friends again.

It was a difficult thing for the captains of the various troops to provide troop cooks. Practically all of the men could cook, and cook well, over a camp fire when they had to do so, but none of them wished to take the job. The prevailing ignorance was astonishing to me, for I had once been a cowboy myself, and knew what a necessity it was for every frontiersman to know how to cook.

The matter was soon explained, however. The

men wished to get all the drill they could, and if they were detailed as cooks they would of necessity miss more or less of the drilling. They were imaginative enough to fear, also, that later they would miss some of the fighting. On San Juan Hill, when every man had to cook for himself for a time, the sudden acquirement of a knowledge of cookery was equally amazing.

As a matter of course the Easterners had to be initiated into the Ancient and Honourable Order of Cowboys. The main part of the initiation was undertaken by the various first sergeants who detailed them mercilessly on fatigue duty and put them at waiting on table (the dusty earth was usually the table) and washing dishes. The Easterners, club men and college men were thoroughbreds, however, and never winced. As a result they won so much respect that the initiation was soon dropped.

The club men and college boys had plenty of money, however, and they patronised a camp Delmonico freely. This man was the keeper of the grounds, and lived with his family in a house at the entrance or sally-port. He converted his residence into an eating-house, and coined money as he never did before in all probability. He was a singular character, but knew how to make hay

while the sun shone. He was on pins and needles during the camp for fear that the stern hand of authority would forbid the men from patronising his extemporised establishment. Consequently he was most polite to headquarters, and I have to thank him for the loan of two lanterns, a small lamp, and supplies of oil and wicks for the same.

In fear that his secret satisfaction over his business venture would be discovered, however, he never met anyone from headquarters without a complaint concerning the borrowing of his various utensils by the men, and the annoyance of their congregating about his house. He was willing, though, he would aver, to do anything he could to help the boys along; but it was a great nuisance, etc., etc. He overdid his part, and came near killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

It was a local band that made "A Hot Time" the regimental air. It was conducted by a fat, jolly little German who must have had that song on the brain, for the band never visited camp without playing it several times. It was a joke at first, but eventually matured into the regimental air. It may be said right here to the credit of the regiment, that several pieces of braggadocio doggerel that have been accredited to the Rough Riders were unknown. They were prob-

ably the creation of some journalist who never saw Cuba except on a map. As a matter of fact the men were particularly subdued, and only those who were familiar with the breed were aware of the latent devil in them when once properly started.

There was no boasting in the regiment of what it intended to do, but rather a very strong determination to do. Nor did the men call themselves "Rough Riders." The different contingents came to camp wearing simple crimson badges, upon which was printed:

1ST U. S. VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,
Arizona Contingent;

or in place of "Arizona" whatever other territory they came from. The officers wore hatbands instead of badges, and I managed to beg a priceless souvenir of the war—the hatband of Captain "Bucky" O'Neill, who was killed at San Juan. This I sent to a little lady in the North. Two days before he was killed I got a letter from her which I read to him, and in which she said that she had put it around a bust of Napoleon, and that it was the proudest decoration Napoleon ever wore.

There was a satisfied twinkle in O'Neill's eyes when I read this to him; but two days later when

I passed by his body at San Juan and stooped to raise the hat from his poor head, I couldn't read any satisfaction in the glazed eyes that looked back at me. He was of the type whose soldierly fault is their useless bravery—a knight of chivalry in the dirty brown jeans of a Rough Rider.

There are always just so many men like him among American volunteers. They serve to teach a little common sense to the rest, they inspire poets, make the heart of a nation throb more keenly for a moment or two, and do the world some good by adding to its fine feeling and sympathy for their widows and children. But they are useless as soldiers when they are dead; and, unfortunately, they take with them their thinking brains and influence upon their men.

Their widows draw a pension of $20 a month, I believe (when they are widows of captains). It seems an absurdly small sum. How many little mouths will it feed besides a widow's? And how many little bodies will it keep warm? How many little minds will it educate?

One can get a military title by presenting the government with a battery of artillery. Why should not the same title be given to a man who would devote the same amount of money to helping care for the widows and orphaned children of

dead soldiers? One thing is certain, however. Since this last war there will be very much less growling among the people about the pension list of the civil war. Another generation has seen the horror of national conflict.

The first uproar in camp of any moment, occurred when the orders came to start for Tampa. The regiment had been in existence less than a month, but already every one was filled with typical American impatience to be off for the front. Europeans used to laugh at our soldiers of the civil war for calling themselves veterans after but four years of experience. They do not understand the American idea. Not a soul in the regiment cared a whit that we had had no time for target practice and that the guns were of a description the men had never seen before. The men were expert shots, and the guns were guns, and, as we thought then, the best made. That was enough.

But one troop was not sufficiently supplied with arms. This was " M " troop. None of the troops were supplied with machetes as had been originally intended. Later the detail assigned to the Colt rapid-fire guns was armed with them, and from an inspection of them it was evident that we lost nothing by not carrying them. The speci-

mens supplied were duller than the service sabre, shorter, and more unwieldy. It was supposed that they would be useful in cutting through Cuban jungles, cutting firewood, and so forth. That would have necessitated sharpening them, which is a very doubtful procedure under the laws of war.

The machetes used by the Cubans were sharpened for domestic use before the war and were of value to them in every way but in fighting. Despite all the reports in the sensational journals of our country the Cubans never made a real machete charge during the three years of their war. According to Sylvester Scovil, who braved the jungles of Cuba and their deadly fevers for years in the service of the *New York World*, they once got within 70 yards of the Spanish lines in a machete charge and then broke and fled. That they were used in other ways there is but too much reason to believe.

There was but one hitch in the organisation of the regiment. By law the Articles of War must be read to enlisted men within a specified time after their enlistment. In the pell-mell haste this was forgotten. Captain Llewellyn called the attention of headquarters to the fact, and the articles were promptly read by the several squad-

ron commanders to their squadrons, probably to the intense disgust of the perspiring men who had to stand at attention and listen. Undoubtedly they would one and all have been willing to take a single word for the deed. They all possessed the average American's dislike for red tape.

On account of this oversight it is probable that no man in the regiment could properly be court-martialled afterwards. It is to the everlasting credit of the men in ranks that no one ever thought of availing himself of the opportunity. It is possible that if any men had deserted they could not have been punished legally. In fact the very few men who did desert left the regiment at San Antonio, at Tampa, or while en route from the former station to the latter.

CHAPTER VII

EN ROUTE TO TAMPA

THE orders to proceed to Tampa were received on the 28th of May, 1898, but a trifle over three weeks after the arrival of the first contingent. Preparations were immmediately commenced to break camp and take train early on the next morning. A contract was made with a series of connecting railroads that agreed to get us to Tampa in three days, furnishing good accommodations for men, officers, horses and baggage and plenty of opportunity to water the horses en route. The roads kept their contract in hardly any particular.

Early on the morning of the 29th, camp was broken, and during the day the squadrons in turn were marched to the stockyards over a road ankle deep in dust and hot with the summer sun of Texas. Each squadron policed its camp before moving, burning all refuse and leaving the fair grounds in as good a condition as they were when turned over to us. Upon the arrival of the first squadron it was discovered that the first of the five

sections of cars which was to move the regiment had not yet been made up, and the cars for the other sections had not yet been switched to the yards.

A long, tiresome wait resulted, and it was afternoon before the first section pulled out. The sleeping car for the officers of the first section was on a side track, however, and those who were to go on this section had an opportunity to clean up before the start, a welcome opportunity, for it had been a continual fight to keep clean in Camp Wood. It was a buffet car, too, and we sat down to a moderately civilized lunch for the first time since we had left the San Antonio hotel. The buffet car was provisioned for three days, and as no preparations were made to renew the supply we had to " hustle for our grub " later in the trip.

Colonel Wood and headquarters went with the first section, with the exception of Colonel Roosevelt, who came on with the last and spurred it on with his accustomed energy. The first section left the others far behind at first; but they all caught up, and at Tampa piled in one on top of the other, so that the entire regiment arrived the same afternoon and night at its destination.

Each section was composed of a number of stock-cars for the horses, and of baggage-cars and

day-coaches for the men, who were crowded into them unmercifully but who made no complaint. They were so worried for fear they would not get to Cuba that they were willing to put up with any amount of discomfort. Most of the sections had a sleeping car attached for the officers. Some had not, however, and the officers slept on their camp bedding in the baggage cars.

The men were supplied with the ordinary travel ration and the adjutant of each squadron was given "coffee money" with which to buy hot coffee at various points. It was the first experience of most of the men with the travel ration, and they got their eye teeth cut on that particular kind of food. Most of the money they had with them went for other and better food, and the hardtack was given away in great quantities en route as souvenirs. It was the regiment's first experience, too, with the water question, for the tanks in the cars did not hold enough, and the parched-throated men would go hours in the intense heat without water. They were kept in their cars, too, under strict orders to the sentries at the doors, except when they were needed to help water horses. Their patience under such conditions was wonderful.

Throughout Texas the trip was an ovation.

Through every town we passed most of the population turned out to see us. It was a continuous performance with every number much the same. The young girls of the various towns dressed in white were ranged along the depot platforms and pelted men and officers alike with flowers, while the citizens seldom forgot that the men might be hungry.

An entire cake would be traded for a couple of hardtack with satisfaction to both parties. Flirtations resulted, of course, and I would not like to guess at the number of buttons missing from the uniforms when the regiment arrived at Tampa or even at New Orleans. At one place where we stopped to water horses one officer was discovered playing the gallant to no less than thirteen young ladies. It was an unlucky number, for he was a married man, and the other officers promptly informed the girls to that effect, to the disgust of the officer and the prompt retirement of the girls.

At another place, and one of some considerable importance, the belle of the town walked down the line of cars between her father and mother, who were the most influential people in the town. A group of officers were playing cards in the sleeping car, but being informed that the belle of the town was *en evidence*, stopped to take a look at

her as she passsed, holding their cards meanwhile very close to their shirt fronts, for they were not playing "old maid." The young lady upon perceiving the cards assumed a look of great disgust and exclaimed, "Well, I don't see how any good can come from men who would do that." The officers were nonplussed. But the words were spoken mainly for parental delight. As soon as the trio had passed the window she turned slyly, smiled, and threw a kiss to the officers, and they serenely continued their game.

The storming of the cars with flowers was so general that the men and cars alike were soon flower bedecked. The flowers were worn in each buttonhole, pinned to the coat, stuck in the hatband and carried in the hand. It was a royal send-off that Texas gave the Rough Riders. It will never be forgotten. She could have done no more for her own sons.

At New Orleans many of the men saw the Mississippi for the first time. Here a long stop was made to water horses at the stockyards, and every one who had money got more or less of a chance for a square meal.

Before the first section pulled out of New Orleans the second section pulled in. They had had a rougher trip than the first section but had

made better time. As the first section passed through the outskirts of the city, it was greeted by cheers from the people who lined the track and by waving handkerchiefs from every window.

One old grey-headed woman stood by the track and shouted, "God bless you, boys," as each car passed her. From New Orleans on, we were still the subject of some curiosity but the ovation ceased as if by command. Whether this was due to memories of the "late unpleasantness" between North and South or to the actions of the regiment that preceded us on the rails this deponent saith not. Indeed he knoweth not.

The run through the Eastern Gulf States was devoid of much incident but was particularly hard on men and animals. There were few stations where the horses could be watered; and, where there were means to do so, they were crude and inadequate. On some occasions it took six hours and more to feed and water. The country was equally disappointing to our commissariat, for the buffet had about given out and the officers were getting hungry. We bought what we could, but as a rule that was not much. There had been plenty of time to re-stock the buffet car at New Orleans, but the sleeping-car people had not bothered to do so.

We were now in the hands of the railroads, and began to really appreciate their importance and our own utter insignificance. To add to the vexations of the really suffering men the train ran slower and slower, and there were more frequent delays. And at nearly every stop the second section would pull in behind us and tell us that the third section had been sighted by them but a trifle in the rear.

At one stop we had an amusing experience with our morphine fiend. His supply of the drug had run out, and he was in more or less agony. He was a doctor in civil life, though but a trooper with us, and he took the opportunity of a long stop to hire a boy to take a prescription to town—the prescription being of course for morphine. The boy got the morphine, but returning to the train with it forgot which car contained his patron. He inquired for the doctor and was sent to Dr. La Motte, the ranking surgeon of the regiment. The doctor was of course amazed on receiving the package of morphine, but shrewdly suspected what was the matter. A watch was immediately set over the man. He, too, guessed what had happened, called to the boy, gave him another prescription and sent him on a repetition of the errand. This time the boy was collared on his

return and the morphine taken away from him. The man was eventually dismissed.

The prevailing quiet with which the regiment was received on its trip east from New Orleans was broken at Tallahassee, Florida. Here the regiment stopped for the better part of a day, it being necessary to take the horses from the cars in order to water them. The citizens of the town entertained many of the officers, and the men were well received, too. In fact every one got a good square meal here, a "real cooked meal," the cooking being done over camp fires. Fresh meat and vegetables were easily obtained and much latent ability in the culinary art was discovered.

Between Tallahassee and Tampa there was but one incident worthy of mention. During one of the numerous and seemingly unnecessary stops a farmer drove alongside the train with a load of watermelons that he was peddling. The men bought them eagerly. A sudden start necessitated a quick return of the men to the cars, and as many as five melons, perhaps, were unpaid for. At the time the farmer did not seem to mind this fact. Indeed he seemed exceedingly pleased at the thriving business he had done. No doubt his friends showed him later how he could acquire a fortune by one bold stroke, for he magnified the

occurrence and sent a bill to Washington for something in the neighbourhood of $150, which would not only have paid for all the melons he had but for his waggon and horse, harness and clothes, and perhaps raised the mortgage on his farm.

It is not of record that he got any satisfaction, though the bill was forwarded by the War Department to the commanding officer of the regiment, who explained the matter. As a matter of fact the writer is not at all certain that there was a single melon taken that was not paid for. It is extremely frigid weather when the innocent citizen of these United States loses an opportunity to make a claim against Uncle Sam, if he has the ghost of a basis for the claim. And it was almost tropical in Florida at this time.

All throughout the weary journey through the South the men and officers diverted themselves with singing, about the only amusement they could get except smoking. With the men in the cars ahead "John Brown's Body" was the favourite, and the way that song was sung was something to remember. It drowned the roar of the engine and the rattle of the cars, and must have awakened memories even in the silent woods and swamps.

The favourite songs among the officers were

"On the Road To Mandalay" and "The Little Black Sheep," so we carried Kipling with us. These songs were introduced by Lieutenant Hal Sayre of Harvard, who had left college within two months of certain graduation to become a Rough Rider. Young, slight, and apparently delicate, Sayre had the pluck of a football captain. He was one of the first of the officers to purchase a mount and he got a particularly vicious one. The first time he tried to ride the animal at San Antonio it flung him very prettily. The men yelled with delight. They were not at that time particularly pleased at the idea of being officered by any one from the East with the exception of Colonels Wood and Roosevelt. But Sayre calmly mounted the animal again and conquered it, for which he was roundly cheered. He had charge of the transfer of horses from Fort Sam Houston to the camp and was in the saddle most of the time. He usually started before breakfast and seldom got back until after supper. Where or when he ate was a mystery. I know where he slept. He would curl up in his saddle blanket on a pile of hay and sleep without removing clothes, shoes or leggings. He was an influential man in his class and induced a great many Harvard men to enter the regiment.

The officers had intended to sing the "Suwanee River" when they crossed that stream, which is as inseparably conected with the song as the Danube is with the famous waltz. But they found that it would be crossed in the small hours of the morning and most of them went to sleep. Not so with Lieutenant Weakley of "F" Troop. He had strong ideas on the subject of "fitting occasions" and he remained awake. Just before the stream was crossed he awakened the sleepers, and the yawning and perhaps swearing officers sang the song.

It has been stated that the horses were neglected on this trip. It was one of the first criticisms made on the regiment when it reached Tampa. Such was not the case. The welfare of the horses was insisted on, and they were disembarked at Tampa looking almost as well as they did at San Antonio. When bought they were fresh from the range and most of them lean and gaunt. There had been no time to fatten them, and as a matter of fact it is almost impossible to fatten that kind of horse under any circumstances. I have seen it tried by putting them for months at a time in a cavalry stable and feeding and treating them precisely as the regular cavalry mounts were treated, and they were practically

as lean when they were removed as when they entered.

The only thing a Western horse stores up is kinetic energy. Where he keeps it is a mystery, but that it is there any one can swear who has tried to ride one after a month's rest. He not only can swear but he will eloquently, artistically, emphatically. There were a great many young men (and some old ones) around Tampa who didn't know what they were talking about.

CHAPTER VIII

IN CAMP AT TAMPA

THE first section of the multiple train bearing the Rough Riders reached Tampa on the afternoon of June 2d and had its first experience with the amazing incompetency with which matters military were run in that now historic little town almost immediately. We slowed down in a tangle of cars a couple of miles from the depot. Colonel Wood had telegraphed the time of our arrival to headquarters, but there was no one to meet us, not even a messenger to tell us where to go or where we would find facilities for unloading our horses.

After waiting until his patience was exhausted the Colonel walked into town. While he was gone a number of cavalry officers, representatives from the headquarters of the Cavalry Division, including, I think, Generals Wheeler and Sumner, rode down to us. They concluded that it was too late to put us in the camp selected for us that

night, so we were pushed back to a corral in the suburbs of the town and began disembarking.

A camping ground was selected on the left of the corral, and the baggage was hustled from the baggage cars in short order. With equal despatch the horses of the first section were led from the cars and picketed to ground ropes stretched between stumps of trees. We had fortunately carried with us an extra supply of hay and grain, and there was just about enough to go around; so the horses were watered and given a good square meal at once. Section after section now piled in and the work of unloading was going on nearly all night. Few of the men got any rest at all.

In the morning there was a skirmish for drinking water which was eventually obtained at some of the isolated houses in the neighbourhood. Many of the officers got a breakfast, such as it was, at a Casino about half a mile distant.

It was comparatively late in the morning when camp was broken. The horses of the various troops were necessarily mixed up more or less, and Colonel Roosevelt had lost track of his two chargers entirely. They were sorted out eventually and the pack train loaded with what it could carry of the regiment's impedimenta—which

was not much. The rest was left on the cars in charge of a guard. Nearly all the rations brought with us were thus left, it being supposed we would have no difficulty in getting teams from headquarters to transport them to camp, the exact location of which we did not then know.

Lieutenant Weakley (he of the Suwanee River "fitting occasion") was one of the officers left in charge of the guard over the stores. It was not until the next day that teams were procured, and just as they arrived the engineer of the train received orders to take it from that point and abandon it. Weakley drew his revolver and persuaded the engineer in a manner more forcible than polite to remain where he was until the cars were entirely unloaded. He was a very efficient officer but had the ill luck to be left behind at Tampa when the two favoured squadrons went to Cuba.

Camp being broken the regiment formed, marched into Tampa and through it to Tampa Bay, past the Tampa Bay Hotel where head quarters of the entire command was situated, and on to the headquarters of the Cavalry Division. On the march the regiment was wildly cheered by apparently an entire regiment of foot soldiers who were standing on top of several trains of freight

cars about a quarter of a mile away. It was some New York Regiment, and with all New York Regiments the Rough Riders were popular on Roosevelt's account.

At Division headquarters Captain Steele of the Division Staff guided us to the camping ground, which was a level stretch of sandy ground dotted with the carcasses of defunct cows and horses. The regiment was halted in column of fours, column of troops was formed from the halt and the troop picket lines stretched immediately in front of the troops as they stood after dismounting. The little shelter tents of each troop were pitched midway between the picket line of the troop and that next in rear. Field officers' quarters and headquarters were established on the left flank. The camp soon looked all right from a distance, save that headquarters of the regiment and of the different squadrons were represented only by saddles and bridles.

There was now another hustle for water to drink and a far greater hustle for something to eat. Colonel Wood and the Quartermaster took the most active part in the hustle for the latter, but it was not until late in the afternoon that they managed to get waggons and send rations back to the men. In the meantime various officers sent

into town and bought enough for the men to lunch on. Headquarters had nothing to eat and had to beg of the men. That night I slept in my saddle blanket with my saddle for a pillow. I did not need the strains of reveille to wake me. The next day, however, our tenting, which consisted of waggon sheets, arrived with our baggage, and with it the one condemned tent that we used for an Adjutant's Office. After that we were as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

It was a sorry camping place. The dry sandy soil was almost devoid of grass. It was filled with minute pieces of charcoal, the remnants of forest fires, that blackened everything that came in contact with them. It was oppressively hot in the daytime, but at night the mosquitoes were not quite so bad as at San Antonio. Our horses had to be watered at the troughs of other cavalry regiments some distance away, and drinking and cooking water, in fact all water, had to be brought from quite a distance. Water-pipes were laid in a few days, troughs constructed, and the camp was beginning to get into very fair shape when the major part of the regiment was ordered to Cuba. In this camp, too, the company kitchens were put on a satisfactory basis, the food was better cooked and the cooks had learned how to make it go

further. We learned soon after our arrival that we had been brigaded with the 1st and 10th Cavalry and with them formed the 2d Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the 5th corps, General Young commanding our brigade and General Wheeler the Division. The other two regiments and brigade headquarters were at Lakeside, and we did not actually join our brigade until we arrived at Daiquiri, Cuba.

The camps of all other regiments at Tampa were open to visitors, and one could cross a sentry post anywhere. It was absolutely necessary that no time be wasted in the instruction of the men of our regiment in guard duty, however, and the strictest guard discipline was maintained by Colonel Wood's express orders. Visitors were permitted to enter and leave camp only at the guard tent, and then they had to have written permission. At night the sentries were furnished with ball cartridges and ordered to fire in case their orders to halt and their challenges were not properly and promptly obeyed and answered. The men were nothing loath to shoot and strollers gave us a wide berth.

Newspaper correspondents, artists and photographers were supplied with written passes. Frederick Remington, when handed his, remarked that

it was the first time he ever had to get a pass to enter a camp of American soldiers. He also declared that the regiment looked just like any other regiment of cavalry, which was something of a compliment, but expressed his disappointment at not finding any types. He would have found plenty of types if he had looked more carefully. In fact he eventually did.

Women were forbidden the camp, the only exceptions that I know of being the wife of one of our majors, the wife of our Lieutenant-Colonel and a friend of hers who was the wife of one of our troopers. A female newspaper correspondent stormed our works; indeed she not only stormed but raved, but she did not get in.

Drills were immediately resumed, but for the first few days the men did much worse both at drills and at guard mounting than they had at San Antonio. The difficulty was that they were in the presence of the regulars and had a wholesale attack of stage fright. This soon wore off. At almost every drill we were watched by the military attachés of the foreign governments who seemed especially interested in this queer body of American Cossacks. They wanted everything explained to them and took numerous photographs.

The pack train was a mystery to the smartest of

them and the throwing of the "Diamond hitch" quite bewildering—which it is to every one who is not an expert packer. They were, however, all greatly impressed by the rough and ready appearance of both camp and men and were generous in their compliments. They agreed that the regiment looked much more like business than the regulars, and they were not backward about saying so.

To the men of our regiment the regulars seemed a favoured people. They had more to eat than we had and more variety. They lived in tents many of which had board floors, and their camps were marvels of neatness and propriety Their horses were big, strong and fat; they had bands to amuse them, they did not drill as much as we did and their men could go to town almost whenever they wanted to and "had the price." There was no grumbling however, merely a slight surprise.

Officers' school and school for the non-commissioned officers had been started at San Antonio. Captain Capron taught the former and the company commanders, the latter. Capron taught of guard duty, outpost duty, advance and rear guard duty and something of minor tacties. The captains taught guard duty and drill regulations to their subordinates.

The photograph fiends were omnipresent, and

the regiment was photographed almost as many times as, afterwards, it was shot at. The men were photographed, standing, sitting and lying down, awake and sleeping, eating, chewing, smoking, talking, walking, riding, washing, shaving, and I know not what not.

Up to this time headquarters had messed with the 1st Squadron (Major Brodie's). The regimental mess was now established. Colonel Wood, for some reason which I have never been able to explain, was exceedingly opposed to the stocking of this mess with a sufficient amount of provisions to last more than a few days at a time. Colonel Roosevelt saw the possibility of a small famine ahead in Cuba, and took an opposite view and the responsibility of buying a sufficient supply of food and the hiring of a negro cook.

We were sadly disturbed about this time by many rumours. The regiment had arrived at the "rumour belt," which it did not leave until it was disbanded. Some said that we were not to go with the expedition at all. Others declared that but one squadron was to go. Others heard that two squadrons were to go. Many of the regulars took an especial delight in assuring our men that they were to be left behind. The wish was no doubt father to the thought.

The regiment had been advertised and written-up by its friends and enemies not wisely but too well. All hail to the regulars and their marvellous record —but they were professionals, and it was strange that they were (some of them) jealous of mere amateurs.

How much this had to do with our not being paid promptly, I do not know. But it is a fact that most, perhaps all, of the other regiments were paid off, and that when it came the turn of the Rough Riders, there was no more money in the hands of the paymasters. Not a cent had been paid to the regiment so far. The money brought by the majority of the men had been spent long since. There were many purchases to be made before the regiment could embark with any degree of comfort, especially in the way of extra food on the transport. The regiment had had one experience with the travel ration and did not fancy another if by any means it could be avoided. There was also a natural desire on the part of every one to "send money home."

In this predicament our two Colonels held a conference with the paymasters, and it was learned that sufficient funds to pay the regiment for the month of May could be obtained by telegraph if the regiment would pay the expense of telegraph-

ing the money. The regiment was quite willing and the money was collected in a few minutes from the officers. This was June 8th and the regiment was paid off that night in the natatorium on the grounds of the Tampa Bay Hotel. The muster rolls had been made out in a great hurry and in many instances by officers who had no experience in making them out, and there was many a man who did not "get all that was coming to him."

While the regiment was being paid off orders were received by Colonel Wood to take two squadrons of the regiment that night for embarkation at Port Tampa. We were to be at the railroad at ten o'clock that night for transportation to the port, and it was already dusk. The result was one of the regiment's characteristic hustles. The troops designated to go were "A," "B," "D," "E," "F," "G," "K," and "L," which meant three troops each of the 1st and 2d squadrons and two of the 3d. We were to go dismounted, as were all the other cavalry regiments in the division. They also took but two squadrons each. As we were by far the largest regiment of cavalry at the time, the strength of our two squadrons was about equal to that of an entire regular regiment. Colonel Roosevelt was detailed to accompany the regiment in command of the

1st squadron, Major Brodie's squadron becoming the second, by virtue of Colonel Roosevelt's rank.

Despite the haste necessitated by the inopportune but welcome order, the regiment was ready to march in but little over an hour. Then followed a tiresome, nerve-straining wait. No transportation had been furnished for our impedimenta. In this difficulty the 2d Cavalry, which had camped beside us, came to our rescue with their regimental waggons, which they generously loaned to us. They did not belong to our division, and but one squadron of theirs was to accompany the expedition. This was the only mounted squadron that went, and was already on board a transport.

The breaking up of the regiment in this way was a very painful affair. The officers and men who were to be left behind were inconsolable. Two majors were left—Hersey and Dunn—and the former was particularly grieved, as he brought the largest contingent to the regiment,—four solid troops from New Mexico. Lieutenant Sayre and Dr. Massie were speechless with disappointment, as was Lieutenant Weakley, who had distinguished himself by "holding up" our baggage train. In a few minutes the disappointed officers and men

concluded to postpone their expressions of grief and help the lucky ones off, which they did with an energy that would have reflected credit on a regiment that had been in existence for generations. They helped us break camp, supplied us with an extra meal, and attended to hundreds of personal missions, the latter being mostly in the nature of sending the first "soldier money" home —at least the greater part of it.

Two orders were given that caused some consternation. One was that neither axes, pickaxes or spades were to be taken. The captains received this order in silent astonishment. It was a mistake, no doubt, as Colonel Wood afterwards expressed the greatest surprise that the troops were not provided with these absolutely necessary implements. The regiment afterwards provided itself with them in a manner characteristic of the far West. They had not learned to "rustle" and "hustle" for nothing.

By the other order the sergeant-major was left behind and with him the regimental reports, blanks, and papers. As he is the most important non-commissioned officer in a regiment and, for that matter, one of the most important officers, the writer was terribly handicapped through the entire campaign. But he knew enough to say nothing,

and had lived long enough to learn the necessity of making the best of things. He knew from schooling that the regimental morning report would be wanted every morning as soon as we joined our brigade, that muster rolls were an absolute necessity and many other papers too. But he went aboard ship without pens, ink, or paper, and trusted to luck. The troops took nothing but their field morning reports. Many of these were afterwards lost.

But seventy men were taken from each troop, so that as a matter of actual fact more than one squadron was left in Tampa, as were the horses and extra baggage. Just before leaving a detail was made by orders direct from General Shafter to take charge of a dynamite gun that was attached to the regiment. This swelled the list of men to go, and gave us three pieces of artillery instead of two. The dynamite gun was heavy and cumbersome, and the two Colt guns were for defensive use, being mounted on heavy tripods and not accompanied by any easy means of transportation. All three were practically useless during the campaign, though if we had been put on the defensive they might have proved of great value. Private Hallett Alsop Barrowe was by the same order made an "acting" sergeant and put

in command of the dynamite gun, Sergeant Reber being second in command.

If the behaviour of the men at San Antonio was wonderfully good (and it was), their behaviour at Tampa was beyond praise. They were kept rigidly in camp and continually at work. An incident of camp will illustrate the attitude of the men.

Three orderlies were constantly on duty, mounted, at regimental headquarters. One hot afternoon one of these orderlies came to me with a most aggrieved expression on his face, and made a complaint. His complaint was that one of the other two orderlies had taken post but a few feet away from headquarters, instead of the designated place for the orderlies when awaiting duty, and by this means *had been able to get all the errands to do* to the manifest injustice of the other orderly and himself.

When men are so anxious to work as all that, they must be something out of the common. I put my wits to work to increase the number of errands that afternoon, and saw that there was fair play. I cannot recollect the number of times I sent to the Quartermaster for a canteen full of iced water, but I continued until he threw up his hands in despair and would let me have no more.

CHAPTER IX

EN ROUTE TO CUBA

ABOUT ten o'clock that night we started for the cars, crossing two railroad tracks on the way. The remaining regiments of cavalry were already there and had taken possession of all the trains and cars at the point. Colonel Wood was informed that another train would be backed down for us. The order was given therefore to unload the waggons. They were hauled up alongside the tracks and unloaded by the tired and nervous men. The unloading was not quite completed when we heard that we were to embark on one of the tracks we had crossed. The unloading was stopped and the waggons held for future developments, while officers were despatched to find our train. At a distance we could see several trains backing down.

In the meantime the men lay down in ranks with their blanket rolls, haversacks and cartridge belts in place and got a chance for a little sleep. It was the most picturesque sight of the regiment's life thus far, and the sleeping squadrons in

their carefully aligned ranks looked more like grim-visaged war than anything I had ever seen. The officers as a rule kept awake, smoked and chatted. The thinking parts of a war machine usually get less sleep than the working parts.

In the meantime headquarters began to get nervous, and it looked very much as though we were to be the victims of an " accident " by which we would be left behind. At that time the regiment's company on the campaign was not eagerly sought—a fact that we had only too much reason to appreciate. The meanest remark I heard made during the campaign was made right here. An officer of one of the cavalry regiments of the 1st brigade stopped as he was about to get into a car, turned to a group of our men (privates) who were on the detail that had been unloading waggons and who were waiting further orders, and remarked with a sneer:

" Oh you needn't worry. Your regiment is not going. You're not wanted."

It is to be hoped that the men had philosophy enough to understand that men who are sneered at or blackguarded must necessarily amount to enough to make it worth while for another to vent his spite on them.

Eventually Colonel Wood was informed that a

train would be backed down for us on the track last mentioned, though all now on it were for infantry regiments in that vicinity. Consequently rations and ammunition had to be reloaded on the waggons and the regiment had to retrace its steps. It was almost morning when we reached our second stopping place, and we were one and all tired out, hungry, sleepy and disgusted. Colonel Wood, Captain McCormick (an officer of the 7th Cavalry who had been attached to the regiment) and myself sat on a pile of telegraph poles just back of one of the recently deserted infantry camps and waited for morning and our train.

About daybreak the 5th Cavalry, which we had not seen since they left San Antonio before we did (to our great mortification at the time), marched into this camp. They were feeling worse than we did as they had no expectation of going with the army of invasion at all, and eventually did not. The men of this regiment passed us and repassed us time and again without so much as the semblance of a salute, until I finally asked Captain McCormick, jokingly, if they had ceased to salute in the regular army. The Captain had been getting mad about it, himself, and he promptly called a number of them to account, made them walk back, pass again and salute.

As a matter of fact discipline in the regular army is not by any means as strict as it used to be. The difficulty of recruiting good men and the ease with which they can buy their discharge is mainly responsible for this. If the men of a troop happen to take a dislike to an officer twenty or thirty of them can, and sometimes do, promptly buy their discharge in a body, crippling the troop and giving the officer an official black eye which may not be at all deserved.

As the morning cleared we found that we were but a short distance from the camp we left the night before and in plain sight of it. At reveille our astonished comrades in camp discovered us and thoughtfully prepared coffee for us. While the regiment was snatching a hasty breakfast a train of empty coal cars was backed down and we were informed that this was to take us to Port Tampa. The regiment was neither proud nor haughty, and it climbed into that train, bag and baggage, with more enthusiasm than decorum.

The men were acting on the theory that it was better to have our hard luck first. In spite of all obstacles and delays the regiment began to feel that it really was going to take part in the campaign. Long before the regiment had decided that there would be but one campaign of any im-

portance in the war and that a short one. Such eventually proved to be the fact.

The trip was a short one, and the men, now in royal good humour, cheered everything in sight. Pulling into the station yards, which were a mass of cars, baggage and waiting troops, we passed a train bearing the 71st New York Volunteers in the same direction. They lustily cheered Colonel Roosevelt, who was obliged to go to the door of the baggage car in which the officers rode and bow.

On reaching the port our two Colonels went to headquarters to find out to what ship we had been assigned—and discovered that we had not been assigned to any. Then Colonel Roosevelt let loose a little energy, exhibiting a large supply of reserve force of the same simultaneously, and we were assigned to the Yucatan at the expense of the hereinbefore mentioned 71st, which was shifted to another vessel. The Colonels learned, too, that the 2d infantry was to take the same ship, and to make assurance doubly sure Colonel Wood put out in a boat to the Yucatan and boarded it. With him was Major LaMotte our ranking surgeon (an officer of the Navy on leave of absence), who made an immediate inspection of the ship and turned in a report couched in so many naval terms that

it was almost unintelligible to those of us who were land lubbers.

He also made an assignment of staterooms to the officers of the two regiments which I had to make over again to satisfy the officers of the 2d infantry. Dr. LaMotte, with pardonable loyalty, had given us the better of the arrangement. As Colonel Wood ranked the commanding officer of our *compagnons de voyage* he assumed command of all the troops on board. The assignment to seats at table was also an embarrassing affair, as there were not seats enough to go around.

Bunks had been provided for the men in the hold of the ship, and they were about the crudest affairs imaginable. The heat in the hold was stifling, and by Colonel Wood's thoughtful order as many men were quartered on deck as the decks would hold. This left little or no room for the officers to move about, but, of course, there was no complaint.

We were now known as "Wood's Weary Walkers" rather than "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," as the story of our all-night marching and countermarching had become common property. Guard was mounted regularly on board ship, drills, mainly in the manual of arms, were instituted twice daily for our regiment, and officers' school

opened again. The regiment was going to a fight and learning how to fight at the same time.

The very first guard discovered two interesting stowaways. These were two boys. They had beaten their way from some remote part of the country, one from the East and the other from the West. They had provided themselves with guns, and were intent on shooting Spaniards in large numbers. One of them, with a business instinct that will some day make him a millionaire, had peddled small articles of use to soldiers through the various camps until he had amassed a sum sufficient to buy a death-dealing gun. The other, I believe, came to Tampa provided with money. Both were now "dead broke" and expected to earn their passage working for the men. They were two pitiful looking objects as they stood with a six-foot guard over them, and there was not an officer who did not wish they could go along. But there were four parents to be considered in the matter, and the weeping boys had to leave the ship. Other boys tried the same thing on other ships, and some got to Cuba. Young America was quite enthusiastic over the war.

Like our "man with the melons" the servants on the ship discovered an opportunity to make a fortune easily out of this trip, and they sold every-

thing but their souls to the men at outrageously high prices. Their souls would have been sold too, but they were sadly out of repair, and no one wanted them. Whisky brought them about $5 a bottle, I have been told, and brought the men that bought it trouble. Sandwiches and other eatables brought fabulous prices, but it was ice and iced water that brought the greatest returns—all profit, of course, as the ice was furnished for the officers. This latter item came to the ears of the commanding officer, but no action was taken in the matter, as the men really needed the ice, and to a certain extent money was no object.

The regiment now became "Woeful Waiters," for it was days before the order was given to steam away from Tampa. Some naval officer thought he had discovered a part of Cervera's squadron, and the American Armada was afraid to venture forth. Any one of those great transport ships with its thousand men and stores of food and ammunition could have been captured by a mere gunboat and possibly by "the crew of the captain's gig." The delay gave the men opportunity to purchase some extra supplies of food, especially catsups, condiments and sauces with which the taste of the simple components of the travel ration could be varied.

On board ship, too, they got a better opportunity to keep clean. It cannot be said, however, that they were more comfortable. The ship was overcrowded even after one battalion of the 2d Infantry was ordered to another boat. Some preserved meat was brought aboard about this time. It was sickening in odour and by order of Colonel Wood was pitched into the harbour. It is to be hoped that the fish in the neighbourhood did not partake of it. Dumped overboard in sufficient quantities and at proper points it would reform the entire breed of man-eating sharks and add abundantly to the peace and comfort of a much perturbed world.

There was practically no amusement for the men save swimming around the boat, and this swimming, combined with an unusual load of fire-water, caused the only general court-martial in the regiment's history. Under the influence of liquor one of the "Rough Riders" disobeyed a swimming regulation and was impudent to the officer of the day, one of the lieutenants of the 2d Infantry. The latter drew his revolver, which angered the man still more, and he had to be handled with force by the guard that accompanied the officer.

The next day of course he was penitent. Charges

were preferred against him, however, and he was tried by a general court of which the writer was made judge advocate. The task of a judge advocate is by no means a light one, but the writer gladly accepted it (he had to, anyway) for the opportunity it gave him to get something to write on. He put in a very elaborate requisition for stationery, to all of which he was entitled. It has not been filled up to the present time. He was compelled to borrow paper and writing materials from the 2d, with whom, after the jar of the first contact, we had become very good friends.

About the only other amusement was listening to the band of the 2d, which gave two programmes each day, and singing. There was one interminable song with a chorus of "—de monk, de monk, de monk, de monk—" *ad lib.* which always appealed strongly to the risibilities of Captain Capron. It was about the only thing that aroused Capron's risibilities, for to him, natural born soldier that he was, the war was a very serious thing. Indeed his nature was a perfect willingness to fight anybody or anything at the drop of the hat with cause or without. In fact he was then intent on fighting for a people he did not hesitate to criticise.

His attitude in this matter may have been caused

by a singular incident which occurred at this time. The dynamite gun was first shipped on board a transport carrying artillery. This ship was commanded by Capron's father, an artillery officer. With the gun were a son of the inventor and a Cuban, who did not at the time disclose his rank, but who shone forth after landing as a major in the Cuban army. This Cuban did not get on well with Captain Capron of the artillery, and in consequence the dynamite gun and its store of explosive were transferred to our ship. The Cuban had no sooner come aboard (now assigned to our regiment as an interpreter) than he began criticising the commanding officer of the ship he had just left in unmeasured terms, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the son of the man he was reviling was on board the Yucatan. He was brought to with a round turn by Capron, and scared out of his wits. He kept out of Capron's way after that, and had nothing more to say of the father. He had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. He tried to get even by covert sneers at the men of the Rough Riders, but he was waited on by a committee of one from the officers of the regiment and the inadvisability of his conduct was explained to him, with the assurance that if he continued it he might feel hurt at the action that would be

taken by the officers. Then he concluded to "be good."

Every paper in the land had now announced that the objective of the expedition was Santiago. It did not seem possible that the War Department would permit such an important fact to be advertised, not only to the nation but to the world, and for that reason all concurred in the belief that our destination was anywhere but Santiago. Numerous were the conjectures and great the studying of the official maps. By an inadvertence on the part of the navy, however, we soon learned that Santiago was the actual objective. We had borrowed some canvas ventilators for the benefit of the men in the hold from the navy, and in making out the receipt to be signed by us they had included the words "en route to Santiago."

Eventually the start was made. Even then we did not know that we were actually off, until Captain Quay of one of the staff departments steamed alongside and told us that such was the case. Slowly the Yucatan steamed out through the narrow tortuous channel. One of the transports ahead had run aground, and we came within six feet of running our nose into her. As the nose carried all the dynamite for the dynamite gun, there was a lively prospect of a disaster com-

pared to which the blowing up of the Maine would have been trivial. Quick work by captain and crew stopped the Yucatan within a few feet of the stranded ship.

Then we backed, forged ahead again in a channel made still narrower by the position of the other boat, passed so close to the latter that we could almost have handed a newspaper from one boat to the other, and took our place in the column of transports. Other transports had preceded, and others followed, and the armada was soon steaming south in the Gulf of Mexico. The Seguranca, carrying General Shafter and his staff, stood to one side, and the flotilla passed in review. It was a great sight. From horizon to horizon the column stretched, three ships abreast. The naval escort was hull down in front, and the rear guard hull down behind. In that order we remained until near the end of the journey. Off Key West we were joined by a still more powerful escort, including a battle ship.

Life on board now became a monotony varied only by drills, schools, and a search every evening for the celebrated tropical constellation known as the Southern Cross. Its beauties were dilated upon by the few on board who had ever seen it. When discovered it was a keen disappointment,

and about as inspiring as the "his mark" put by an ignorant farmer to a contract for a gold brick.

Seasickness passed away the time for many, and guard duty became a matter of horror for men with squeamish stomachs. One officer had his head out of a port hole in the dining salon, when a man above was suddenly called upon to commune with the mighty deep. The officer had been looking at a shark. He regretted his inclination to "rubber-neck" on that shark. Among the officers the seasickness was a welcome joke, and the meals missed by the unfortunates were carefully tabulated.

Ignorance of nautical terms was a theme of constant jest, and the land-lubber who got hold of a new one always paraded it as ostentatiously as possible, using it correctly about one time in ten. The doctors no longer ran a hospital but a "sick bay," and the men of the regiment, like all others of the cavalry division, began to call themselves "horse marines." The line by which the captain of the Yucatan blew the whistle, and which stretched from the bridge to the smoke-stack, was the cause of much hilarity. The deck back of the bridge was the only open-air lounging place reserved for officers. The line seemed taut and strong, and for some inexplicable psychical reason

there was a strong temptation to hang on to it with one's hands. Every time this was done, of course, the whistle blew and the sheepish unfortunate got a general laugh. The self-played trick was no respecter of rank, and the joke was on all, high and low.

About this time it was discovered, to the great satisfaction of headquarters, that in some mysterious manner most of the troops had become fairly well supplied with axes, spades, pickaxes, and so forth. It is to be hoped that they descended as "the gentle dew from heaven," and that the 2d Infantry did not discover any shortage in its stores.

A competent acting sergeant-major was becoming an absolute necessity, and I began to look around for one at drill. I found the man. By his qualifications he was competent to be a commissioned officer, and I found had been an officer on a governor's staff. After the battle of Guasimas I got Colonel Wood's permission to appoint him to the duty, and instituted a hunt for him. I found him among the dead. This was Marcus D. Russell of "G" troop.

As we neared the eastern extremity of Cuba the City of Washington, which was towing a lighter, dropped steadily behind, and the Yucatan was

ordered to stand by and assist, if necessary. The captain of the City of Washington, when informed of our courteous mission, responded very gruffly to the effect that he didn't want any of our help, but the Yucatan continued to stand by as per orders. This delayed us a number of hours, and we passed Guantanamo in the morning, whereas the main body of the flotilla had passed unobserved during the night. A gunboat put out from the harbour, and was surprised to learn from us that the rest of the ships had passed. It also gave us news of the successful marine attack at that point, and we could see the flag of the marines flying at the entrance to the harbour. In a few hours we had rejoined the flotilla.

CHAPTER X

ON CUBAN SOIL

If the Catskills were a trifle higher and extended east and west, from horizon to horizon, they would appear to the inhabitants of Catskill much as the mountain backbone of Cuba appeared to the American army of invasion from the transports, as they lay ten or twelve miles off the Cuban coast. The two ranges are of similar structure and much the same general appearance. All the rest of the day we steamed slowly back and forth, and at night ran out to sea (south into the Caribbean), returning at daybreak.

Another day we waited, and at night repeated the manœuvres of the night before. On this second day a waterspout of very complete formation ran through part of the fleet, accompanied by two half-formed ones. The sea all the time was apparently smooth, but the captain of the Yucatan told us that there was a heavy "storm swell" due to storms further south. On this last day Captain Rivers of our brigade staff came aboard and gave

us the orders for formation on landing. They were as follows:

1st. The 2d Division (General Lawton's) will be landed first. The ships of that division will be placed in front of Daiquiri, and as close to shore as possible, so as to make as little rowing as may be.

2d. General Bates' Brigade disembarks second, and will form immediately in rear of Lawton's line.

3d. General Wheeler's Division will disembark third, and his ships will form on the left of those carrying the 2d Division (Lawton's). His line will also form on the left of Lawton's.

4th. The 1st Division (Kent's) will disembark fourth, and the ships will be placed well to the left so as to unload at Demajayobe or Juragua, as may be directed later, or at Daiquiri.

The ships carrying the mounted Squadron, Light Artillery and mules will form in rear of those carrying Lawton's and Bates' commands, and await orders.

EXTRA.

Each company on disembarking will carry 3 axes, 3 picks and 3 spades.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Lawton

was to form the right, Kent the left, and Wheeler the centre, a formation that was not completed until the day after the battles of San Juan and El Caney.

The landing was made on June 22d. It was supposed that the movement was to commence at daybreak, and the men were roused before the first peep of dawn to—wait. This was characteristic of the entire campaign. It was usual to get up before the men were half rested and—wait. It was not until afternoon that we were actually landed, and but for a piece of luck we should not have been landed until the next day.

To make up for the strain of waiting the navy furnished us with a picturesque sight by bombarding the town of Daiquiri and the adjacent hills and shore. It was already in flames, the Spaniards having set fire to it and decamped. The bombardment was beautiful. Big guns, little guns, and machine guns were turned loose on the town, in a way that would have driven out an army. The marksmanship of the navy was fine and the way they put shells into a block house on a hill to the right of the town was wonderful. In the meantime small boats were being rapidly filled with the infantry of the 1st Division.

They were towed in long strings to a small burn-

ing pier, and unloaded. This was the ticklish moment, and we waited on board the transports in a fever of excitement. If the Spaniards were going to contest the landing, now would be the time they would appear. Eyes were strained at the pigmies climbing on shore, and every glass was brought into requisition. Suddenly some one exclaimed :

"Why, they're forming by companies."

And sure enough they were. If there had been the least sign of an enemy they would have been in battle formation, and we knew then that there was to be no opposition to the landing. The fierce bombardment had only injured the Cuban allies who, to the number of several hundred, had been taken to the east of the town the night before to attack the garrison from the rear. The navy killed one of them and wounded another.

The landing now proceeded very briskly, but with little regard to the orders just quoted. The navy, with which Roosevelt was very popular, proceeded to land us long before our time and with us the remainder of the 2d brigade of the cavalry division. The 1st brigade (General Sumner's) which should have landed before us did not get off until the next day.

Headquarters and a few of the officers and men

of "L troop with their captain were taken on board the Vixen, where we spent a very pleasant half day as the guests of the officers of the boat. They lived in a style unknown to land soldiers in campaign, and could actually keep clean. They gave us considerable information but a good deal of it was inaccurate. They said there were twenty thousand Spanish soldiers in Santiago with more coming. We had heard before sailing that five thousand of our regulars could take Santiago against any numbers, however, and were not particularly impressed. It is an extremely fortunate thing that the attempt was not made with five thousand troops or even double that number. Another victory like San Juan would have sent the army back to its ships.

The Vixen provided the Yucatan with a Cuban pilot who steered that vessel well into the harbour and so near the pier that it was a matter of but a short time to get the men disembarked. The landing at the pier was extremely difficult. A beach descended from the shore for perhaps fifty feet. Then there was an immediate drop to deep water. The boats used in landing would pitch dangerously near this beach, for the ropes from bow and stern had to be of a good length, owing to the heavy swell the captain of the Yucatan had

spoken of. Up the boat would go until a man's head would clear the dock, then down it would go till the man's head was six feet below the level he aspired to. Guns and haversacks, officers' pistols and sabres were thrown on the dock, a favourable opportunity was waited, and as the boat rose man or officer would jump, others would catch him from the dock above and pull him up.

On landing Captain O'Neill saw an immediate opportunity to do something, and remained for the rest of the afternoon helping men from the boats. A number of boats were swamped, and those that touched the beach were badly damaged and for the time, at least, rendered useless. Two troopers of the 10th Cavalry were drowned, never coming to the surface because of the weight of the cartridges they carried. Here was another opportunity for O'Neill, and he jumped in to the rescue. He and another dove time and again without avail. They recovered a number of carbines, however, and the regiment was ahead in that particular implement for slaying one's fellow-man in the cause of civilization.

In the meantime Dr. LaMotte, Sergeant Wright the colour-bearer, and Platt, chief trumpeter, had raised the flag of the regiment at the block house on the hill at the right. When the flag

went up every ship in the offing blew its whistle loud and long in salute and the men on shore and on the transports cheered. This flag, by the way, was the flag belonging to the Arizona squadron. The regimental colours and standard were not received by the regiment until after the campaign.

Our first sight of our Cuban allies was not reassuring. They had lately been provided with magazine guns and ammunition, but they were the dirtiest, most slovenly looking lot of men I had ever seen. Apache Indians were dudes compared to them. They seemed to be equally lazy and hungry. One of them, sitting within a foot of a hydrant from which I had just filled my canteen, asked me for a drink from the canteen. He was too lazy to reach up, take the tin cup on top of the hydrant, and turn the faucet. The officers were at first arrogant. A number of them came with the expedition; and these, who had never before been in the war, wore splendid uniforms and were the most overbearing of the lot. It almost seemed as though they considered the American army their personal property. They soon took a tumble from their high estate, however.

The Spaniards had destroyed two locomotives at Daiquiri, and a number of buildings by fire. The latter were still smouldering. If they had

taken as much pains to destroy the small wooden pier they could have delayed the army a great deal. It was but partially burned when the first troops landed. The fire was quickly extinguished and some slight, very slight, repairs made. They had intrenched several positions in the town and back of the town proper had an intrenched magazine, which was quite empty. Immediately in front of the magazine was a large frame building which was used as a bakehouse. A shell from one of the war ships had struck at the base of this house, ricocheted and passed through the oven, besides doing considerable other damage. Opposite this building the Rough Riders went into camp, and with their usual luck in this direction, into about as poor a camp as could be found. It was hardly large enough for a troop and all eight troops were crowded into it. Immediately in front the 10th Cavalry had camped, taking considerably more room.

The inhabitants of the town had returned to their poor homes by this time, and with them the woman who presided over the bakehouse. It turned out that her husband was in the Spanish army. Soldiers of all sorts of conditions were crowding into the house to take a look at the damage and satisfy their curiosity. Colonel

Wood, therefore, had a guard placed over the building. The men of all the regiments immediarely began to show their sympathy for the Cubans in a practical manner by making the women presents of hard tack. I saw one woman with three children tagging after her and at least a hundred hard tack stowed away in the bosom of her dress—in plain sight—still begging for more and getting it too.

General Lawton's division had pushed on ahead on the road to Siboney, and his advance guard was at the heels of the fleeing Spaniards, though but few shots were exchanged and no one was hurt on either side.

In the rude camp we had picked out there was little to do but wait for our stores from the boat. We had come ashore with merely what we could conveniently carry, for it was no easy trick to even get into the boats from the companionway of the Yucatan in a sea that rose and fell in such a bewildering way to the landsmen. We had time, therefore, to take a look at Daiquiri and the country surrounding. Back in the foothills of the mountains was the iron mine which was the chief industrial feature of this and the surrounding towns.

Incidentally, wherever there is a house in Cuba

there is apparently a town with a grandiose name. Just where Daiquiri ceased and Demajayobe began is still a mystery, and the same may be said of the latter town and Juragua. All three in America would be called by some such name as Smithville and made a twenty-fifth class post-office, if such there be. Singularly enough, the iron mines were owned principally, if not entirely, by Americans and were worked largely by convicts who were now guerrillas in the Spanish army.

An immense iron pier shot out from the eastern end of Daiquiri, although east, west, and centre were almost coincident. This pier was too high to be of use in unloading the transports, and was crowded with ore cars which it was confidently asserted were filled with explosives. On all sides at varying distances were the peculiar little Spanish blockhouses with which the whole island was dotted. They were wooden structures, as a rule, about the size of an ordinary room. The sides were loopholed and a small cupola rose from the top. But they were deceitful little affairs. The unwily assailant could shoot them full of holes without injuring a defender, as they were but the covering of a deep pit from which the small garrisons of ten or fifteen men could fire unobserved and in perfect safety.

The buildings were useful only to keep out the rain and sun, and for observation. They were within rifle shot of each other, and could help each other in case of attack. This blockhouse chain was probably the best system of mountain warfare ever devised, but it necessitated oceans of men, and did not keep peace in Cuba. These blockhouses stretched all along the mountain backbone of the island, and could be easily seen with a glass, even the men walking around them. Indeed, when once located the buildings could be seen with the naked eye. No attempt was ever made to capture the blockhouses on the mountains, and every movement of our army must have been reported correctly to the authorities in Santiago as soon as it was made. Back in the direction of the iron mines some of our men discovered a yellow fever pest-house—and permitted it to waste its fragrance on the desert air.

A victim of malaria all my life I promptly came down with it the first night in Cuba, and from that night was never a well man until I was cured of the Cuban fever in the hospitals of my own country and had pulled through numberless relapses of decreasing severity. I knew the symptoms only too well, and asked the doctors for some quinine. For some cause they seemed to be loath

to give me any, and on pressing for their reasons discovered that there were but two three-grain quinine pills in the regiment.

It is only fair to say that the medical stores were not all off the boat. I left the priceless pills, however, and got some from my old regiment, the 10th Cavalry. That night I had nothing but my yellow slicker for bedding and covering, and my teeth played the long roll all night long. By this experience I made the surprising discovery that the heat of the Cuban days was only equalled by the astonishing cold of the nights. In the early morning this was explained. All over the lower portions of the country apparent fogs, in reality clouds, lay in heavy masses. The rain-soaked earth gave them off. Gradually as the sun rose they disappeared from view, although ill-smelling vapours still continued to rise. Eventually, under the constant rains the earth became rotten and the smell of it almost unendurable.

A running stream two hundred yards west of the camp gave the men an opportunity for a bath which they had not enjoyed since the flotilla started. That night the sentinels on post were particularly alert, for the regiment was now in the land of its friends the enemy.

CHAPTER XI

ON THE ROAD TO SIBONEY

On the morning of the 23d of June the regiment divided its attention between getting supplies off the Yucatan and making its camp as comfortable as possible. No tents were at hand, but rude shelters were made from palm leaves. These had the effect of Venetian blinds in a way. They kept out the sun, but permitted whatever breeze might be stirring to enter. General Young, the commander of the 1st brigade to which the regiment belonged, had made his headquarters in a small field on the other side of the road. He declared that the brigade had landed out of its turn, but added that he was glad it had.

Regiments were now being marched to the front as fast as they were landed. Small bands of Cubans, ragged but apparently light-hearted, passed by the camp, also, with the faintest suggestion of military discipline. Among these were a few, a very few, Cuban cavalry troopers mounted on hungry-looking ponies. The Cuban soldiery

has been subjected to a tremendous fire of criticism, but cool judgment will eventually decide that too much was expected of them. They did not come up to American expectations; but, after all, they kept three hundred thousand Spaniards guessing for three years—no slight achievement.

The tired-out, half-starved, ill-clad Cubans probably accepted the arrival of Uncle Sam's troops as the beginning of a much-longed-for rest. Human nature is human nature nearly everywhere. They did not understand the American way of fighting. Neither did the Spaniards. In fact it was not particularly comprehensible to any one. Certainly the campaign will not be used in military schools as an object lesson in strategy. On the contrary, it bore a generic resemblance to wholesale murder.

"Well," said a regular army officer to me after the battle of Guasimas, "we see that the books don't give us any idea of what this sort of thing is like."

"This is wicked," said a surgeon to me after the battle of San Juan. "I won't go on the field under fire again." But he did. Temporarily the wholesale butchery was too much for his nerves.

"This is not war, it is slaughter," exclaimed a

Spanish staff officer in the town of Caney just before he was killed.

A little strategy would have saved half the casualties in the war, and a little foresight would have saved more than half the lives lost by disease after the brief campaign.

The regimental mess had been a matter of great bother. Three men, two of them officers and one a correspondent of a Chicago paper, had been in charge of it and had severally found excuses to be relieved. The only headquarters orderly who helped the Ethiope prime minister of meals was my own, Holderman of "L" troop. Holderman delighted in work around headquarters, and was most willing to remain there on duty. He was orderly to me with the understanding that when there was an engagement he should be with his troop—and this he always was. He was considerable of a character in his way. According to his story he was a descendant of men who had fought in all the wars of the Republic (there is but one *the* Republic), and his mother and grandmother were both Indians. In the Indian territory he was a prosperous farmer. His mixed blood showed in him. He worked like a Saxon and fought like an Indian. He was supremely indifferent to rank, and spoke his views with charming frankness.

Knowing the difficulty we were in Captain McCormick of the 7th Cavalry, attached to "Ours," volunteered to take charge of the mess, and, as there was no keen rivalry for the thankless job, he was duly confirmed in office. His first stroke was a bold and successful one. Somewhere and in some mysterious manner he got hold of a mule. He never revealed the secret of his exploit. But that mule was worth his weight in gold. He carried the provisions for the regimental mess. No pack outfit accompanied him, but one was rigged up and he was led by the chocolate prime minister. As the quartermaster's department had orders to seize all mules, wherever found, we had trouble often in clinging to our treasure, but managed to do so.

There is nothing a cowboy looks at more wistfully than horses, and a little provident hustling came near to mounting some of our "Weary Walkers." That is to say, about forty horses were captured by our industrious men before they had been in camp two hours. The entire camp rejoiced. They were not thoroughbreds—but horses are horses, and the fact can be proved by several systems of logic. They were promptly coralled and put under a heavy guard, while the regiment rejoiced and the land seemed, at first

blush, to flow with milk and honey. Alas, the horses proved to belong to the Cuban cavalry aforementioned, and we were obliged to give them up after diplomatic relations with headquarters and with the Cuban contingent (as English correspondents would say) had been strained almost to the breaking point.

In another matter too the regiment was disappointed. Our Cuban interpreter had promised us that the Cubans had been raising large supplies of sweet potatoes and other vegetables against our coming. They never appeared. Later I begged twice for Irish potatoes at the commissary, and in lieu of not getting enough to go around was presented on each occasion with twelve pounds of the priceless spuds in a half-rotten condition. I shamefully accepted the bribe. I had to or take none. But as to sweet potatoes we envied Marion and his men. Had the British officer of history visited our camp, and had we possessed sweet potatoes, he would have been fed on canned roast beef and the sweet potatoes put under a double guard though it broke the Anglo-American alliance which we hear so much about—in the papers.

But two horses were landed from the boats for our headquarters. One of these belonged to Colonel Wood and the other to Colonel Roosevelt.

The method of landing these horses was one suggestive of Spartan simplicity and an utter disregard of consequences. They were pitched overboard from the ships bodily, and allowed to sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, according to the effort they severally put forth to get ashore.

The men on landing found that they were more seasick on land than they had been in the boats. For two days the land seemingly rose and fell in billows, though there were no ardent spirits in camp. The horses suffered in the same way. It was strange to see them rock from side to side in their misery—as strange as it was to see the men raise their feet high in air when walking to meet the next land billow. The rolling gait of the sailor was explained.

Camp had no sooner been made comfortable and rations issued when an order came unexpectedly to march to the front. It was already afternoon, and we were to make Siboney over a winding mountain road by night. In twenty minutes we were on the road with Brigade headquarters and Colonel Wood all mounted at the front. The rest of us walked, save Colonel Roosevelt, who with the hospital corps marched at the rear to prevent straggling and look after any who might become

lame, halt or blind. The machine gun detachment remained awaiting mules to convey their guns and ammunition. The road wound up the foot-hills and through a tropical forest, across tiny creeks which we had been gravely assured by the Cubans were rivers, past a few deserted sugar estates, where nothing but a profusion of magnificent flowers suggested the recent occupancy of man and his more flower-loving mate, woman, and through cocoanut groves, which, near as they were to the Spanish lines, had been supplying the Cubans with the necessaries of life for three years. The improvidence of the natives of the tropics could be seen in these. They would secure the cocoanuts (which were green at this time of the year) and slash them open with their machetes, destroying them ruthlessly for the mere sip of sweetened water which they contained.

The sides of the road were literally alive with small squads of stragglers from the infantry regiments that had preceded us. Loaded down with more weight than they could carry, unused to such terrific heat, and probably in poor physical health from too much life in barracks, they had fallen by the wayside—many of them not two miles out of Daiquiri. We, too, had some stragglers, but by no means as many. All of them, of course, re-

joined at Siboney that night. The throwing away of useless impedimenta had not then begun.

We were now scooting around the polar diameter of the earth at a greater circular velocity than we ever had before. The sun sank from sight with amazing quickness, and with the same startling rapidity we passed into and out of the crepuscular zone. What do the love-lorn of the tropics do for twilight walks? In Cuba they do not have that happy hour "when from the boughs the nightingale's soft note is heard," nor yet "the hour when lovers' vows seem sweet in every whispered word." Really, the tropics should be more temperate.

It was dusk when the head of the regiment entered Siboney, and dark before the camp fires were burning. We entered by crossing a low platform bridge almost under the railroad bridge, both of which spanned a mighty torrent thirty feet wide, and in some places three feet deep. The men had their supper at once, as they carried their rations with them, but it was long ere the Ethiop and mule attached to headquarters made their appearance. They had straggled.

We were now with the advance guard of Lawton's division. It consisted of a regiment of infantry. One battalion occupied the heights back

of Siboney, another was camped down the railroad track which skirted the coast down to the celebrated Morro in which Hobson was supposed to be incarcerated, and a third occupied the town. Generals Wheeler and Young made their headquarters in the best looking house in town, but the men of the regiment were not permitted to sleep in the many vacant buildings for fear of contagious diseases and vermin. It was in this town that the first shots were exchanged in the war. The Spaniards were scurrying out of one end as the American advance guard entered at the other. No one was hurt on either side, and the Spaniards immediately disappeared from view.

At supper that night we had guests for the first time. Among others was Marshall the *Journal* correspondent who went with us next day almost to his death. By pure accident we got to talking shop—*i. e.*, writing—and I discovered that he was for years the editor of a department of the *New York World* to which I had been a regular contributor. He was then contemplating a duty in his profession abroad, and feared he would not be with us long. He was not. The next day a piece of Spanish steel changed the whole current of his life, and the fortitude with which he bore up under such a disheartening adversity was as admirable

as his supreme nerve in writing despatches to his paper under the hottest fire of the battle.

Generals Wheeler and Young had planned during the evening to push ahead in the morning. At the time the only information I had of the project was that we were to become the advance guard on the following day. From a classmate, Lieutenant Herman Hall, Adjutant of the advance guard of Lawton's division, I learned that the Spaniards were in force on "the second ridge" back from the coast in a position from which the Cubans had never been able to drive them during the three years of the war, and a position they had never been able to pass even in small numbers. Orders were given to each of the company commanders that they were to be ready to move at 5.30 the next morning.

All night long troops were arriving at Siboney, fires were being lighted and supper cooked—supper or breakfast, according to the time of day. A number of us attempted to sleep on the porch of one of the frame buildings on the water front. There was a fire immediately in front of us, and all night the naval vessels threw their searchlights full on us. Sleep, therefore, was out of the question—real sleep. Perhaps we caught a cat nap or two between the various disturbances of arrival.

We could have slept on the ground in a place less exposed to the noise and the lights from the vessels, but rain was falling, there was little bedding, and it was thought wiser to stay where we were. At this place we had another example of the amazing selfishness that can animate different bodies of men acting in the same manner for the same cause. The wells in the town had been placed under guard of the regiment preceding us into it, and our men were compelled to go back to the river for almost all the water they used.

CHAPTER XII

GUASIMAS

THE real intention of Generals Wheeler and Young proved to be a battle with the Spaniards in their strong position at the juncture of the two roads from Siboney to Santiago. Orders were issued that day for them to return to Daiquiri, in order that the cavalry division should be thrown back to the rear, the 1st Brigade having just disembarked. General Wheeler was the ranking general on shore, however, General Shafter being still on board the Seguranca, and the orders were forwarded too late. Lo, the stone which the builders seemed inclined to reject had become the head of the column!

Accounts agree on almost everything that happened in the campaign up to the morning of the 24th of June, 1898, the day of the battle of Guasimas—battle, skirmish, surprise, ambush, glorious victory, waste of energy, whichever the reader chooses to call it from his point of view. From this time on to the truce, ten days later, no two

persons seem to agree. Heroism, Ability, Incompetence, Ambition, Jealousy and their train of attendants suddenly strode from the wings to the stage, and struggled for the centre and the rays of the limelight. And no sooner did the curtain fall on the scene than the characters grabbed pen and ink and began writing of it.

The result is a mass of historical data fairly appalling in its contradictory evidence. The effect of all this upon the present scribe is such that he can look upon all history with a dubious smile and exclaim at each volume, "I wonder why you wrote this," and "Why you wrote that." Men who saw little or nothing of the events of the next ten days have written most surprising things, and men who were near enough to see have written absolutely amazing things about them. The campaign was a short one, but the history that records it will be a long one. France fell down and worshipped Napoleon for grabbing a flag and rushing across a bridge at the head of his troops in the very face of a battery of artillery. To-day France knows and we know that Napoleon was smart enough to know that the artillery was absolutely out of ammunition before he undertook what seemed like a piece of foolhardiness. Time is a gossip who tells a number of interesting

things, and perhaps Time will be able to figure out the real from the unreal and ideal in this campaign.

Though the regiment was to move at 5:30 in the morning of the 24th of June, it did not get started until about 6 A. M. Nor was its progress at first very rapid. It started straight back from the coast up the steep, long hill which led to the tableland, dotted here and there with small peaks, which continues in a more or less even sweep, now gently sloping, now as gently rising to the harbour of Santiago. On the north this mesa is bounded by the mountains which run parallel with the coast. North of the mountains there is a higher and more extensive tableland. On the west the tableland first mentioned is broken up into the hills and hog backs we had crossed in our march from Daiquiri to Siboney.

The hill was hard to climb, and the regiment was halted to rest several times. Before the top was gained we had passed the usual Spanish block-house and the battalion thrown out by Lawton's advance guard. After that the Rough Riders were the advance of the army. At the top of the hill the various trails merged into an unused road between two estates. A barbed-wire fence ran on either side, composed of about twice as many strands as those in America, and in addition there

was a dense tropical foliage along the line of the fence. This foliage was in the nature of an immense hedge. Further to the right and left the country was more open, though the grass and brush were still high and annoying to the traveller.

It was a beautiful day, and as it was yet early morning the heat was not stifling. The regiment swung on over the road as thoughtlessly as though it was going to a picnic. Ahead rode the mounted officers, including two aides from brigade headquarters, a newspaper correspondent and Captain McCormick, who had corralled another mule in as mysterious a manner as he had obtained our headquarters pack mule. Our Cuban interpreter, also mounted on a mule and clad in a gorgeous uniform (he was now a Cuban major), carried a well-filled meal sack on the pommel of his saddle and also rode with headquarters. Marshall alternately walked with me and took turns with Captain McCormick, riding the latter's mule.

The regiment halted several times for a short rest. During one of these the other correspondent was slow in mounting his mule, and the regiment came tramping at his heels. Again and again he tried to mount but failed. I could not repress a smile, and that smile cost me his enmity throughout the campaign. The little satisfaction he got from his

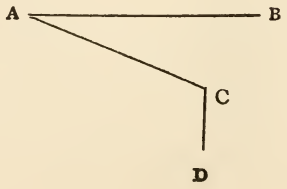
subsequent attempts to injure me while he was eating of the bread I helped to pay for he is welcome to.

We had advanced about a mile and a half when the regiment was halted, and "L" troop commanded by Captain Capron was sent in advance as an advance guard. No one in the regiment understood advance guard duty better than he, but for some reason he used a "point" of only four men, no flankers and no support. The main body of his advance guard came on too closely upon the heels of the point. Capron himself, utterly fearless, marched about midway (at least during the latter part of the advance) between his point and his troop. He probably wanted to have both under his immediate eye. Fortune favoured him and the sharp eyes of Isabel, one of his four men in the "point," discovered the Spanish position.

Throughout the march wood doves seemed to be continually calling, one on each side of the road, and they apparently receded as the regiment advanced. There is every reason to suppose that they were signals of Spanish pickets. On the next day I found a number of small fresh camping places where the remnants of fresh cigarette boxes, unused cartridges and the ashes from recent camp fires showed that the Spanish pickets had been there and probably departed in a hurry.

In the meantime the other two regiments of the brigade had been marching up the main road which skirts the end of the hill we climbed, and which reaches the mesa by a slighter but longer grade. Why a division of the command was made in defiance of all the rules of war the present writer will not attempt to explain. Marching with a superior army to effect the capture of a much smaller one this is sometimes permissible. The brigade, however, was marching against a superior force. As the same division of command was made at the battles of the 1st of July, the hopeful may assume that a new and startling description of strategy has been developed by Americans. At any rate it worked, and criticism is half silenced.

The Spanish position at Guasimas was something in the nature of V or L with the angle between the perpendicular and horizontal of the latter somewhat reduced, and with the end of each broken off and pointed up the road on which the Rough Riders were advancing.



The direction of the line C D is south, with a slight bearing to the east. The Rough Riders were therefore advancing north, with a bearing to the west. At D was the strong Spanish outpost which Capron attacked, and it is there that the cactus and trees were shot to pieces by the tremendous fusillade. A few hundred yards from D, in the direction of Siboney, the road made a slight bend so the main body of the regiment could not see its advance guard. It was on this bend that the regiment halted when word was sent back by Capron that the Spanish position had been discovered.

The other half of the brigade was advancing on a road on the further side of A B, which was a long hill that terminated abruptly at B and from there sloped gradually to A. At C our road from Siboney made an abrupt turn after a sharp descent from D and a slight rise at C. From C to A the Spanish position was nearly level and much lower than A B. At A the two roads joined and became the main road to Santiago, still bearing in the general direction B A to El Poso, where one branch turned perpendicularly to the north and passed between Kettle hill and the main hills to Santiago and the other branched to the southwest towards the Morro. Still another little-used road,

a branch of the road on which the regulars were advancing, ran up through the open country in the angle C A B.

For some reason or other (probably because the road on which the regulars advanced was such a dangerous one and so banked with dense tropical forest on either side) the Spaniards, it is said, expected the advance to be made along this latter road. It will be seen that they were well prepared to annihilate a body coming up that road or trail, at the same time guarding both the other roads. When they discovered the troops were approaching by both roads they came (as we now know) to the reasonable conclusion that the whole American army was upon them, and retreated. This retreat began slowly and methodically, after the first half hour of fighting, though it was not apparent until the end of the fight and not hurried until the two wings had joined at A and filed off on the road to Santiago, carrying their wounded and probably most of their dead.

There has been some discussion as to whether the Rough Riders were ambushed at Guasimas. Technically and actually such was not the case. They were not surprised, as they saw the Spaniards before the firing began. Moreover the regiment fired first, though some books on the subject de-

clare that the Spaniards fired first. As a matter of fact Captain Capron ordered two shots fired to draw the enemy's fire. They were followed instantly by a perfect tornado of bullets from the Spanish which would have wiped the Rough Riders off the face of the earth had they not been protected by the bend in the road and a dense undergrowth of young forest. As it was, the bullets spatted among the trees and just over the heads of the regiment as it stood in a packed column of fours. Just before the firing began, and while we were waiting, a couple of Cubans carried back a Cuban scout who had been wounded some time before. He was shot through the neck, tried to talk to Colonel Wood, but eventually fell back in a faint and was carried to the rear, our Cuban interpreter accompanying him. This was the last ever seen by the regiment of the interpreter, though he was occasionally heard of.

On the right of the regiment, where it had halted, was a small cleared space bounded on the east by several small hills. Into this the troops were immediately thrown and ordered to advance to the support of Capron, and in extension of his line on the right. "K" troop formed the extreme right and later in the battle joined the left of the other half of the brigade which had deployed to

the left and front, and part of which at that time had crossed over to the gently rising valley in which the Spaniards had originally expected the advance. As the Spaniards were in retreat by that time, they did not become exposed to the two flanking fires that had been arranged for them.

The remaining five troops of the regiment were deployed to the left of the road, and sent forward in extension of Capron's line on the left. Before this that gallant officer had been mortally wounded. His troops marched a trifle forward in column of files, changed direction to the right, and pressed forward through the jungle, driving the Spaniards out of their cactus defences. They afterwards crossed back to the left of the road.

Here Lieutenant Thomas who succeeded Capron in command of the troop was wounded and carried back, passing by Colonel Wood and myself. The left and centre of the regiment were now on the left of the road and gradually descending a long slope wooded here and there but largely open. The firing here was terrific, and all along the line the great majority of casualties occurred in the first part of the fight.

The Spaniards seemed to be little inclined toward taking the initiative, firing only when we did and ceasing to fire when we ceased. They

thought we were advancing when we were firing and either remaining stationary or retreating when not. They were not undeceived until the final advance, which was made in the open without firing a shot. This audacious movement thoroughly convinced the Spaniards (who had been till now quietly retreating) that the whole American army was within striking distance, and they made for home and mother with more haste. They were not pursued, the brigade camping on the ground the enemy had occupied.

In the beginning of the deployment on the left I had suggested putting our Colt guns on a small hill to the left, and Colonel Wood ordered it done. Unfortunately one of the packers decamped taking with him an important part of the mechanism of each gun, and they were not brought into action at all. An hour after giving the order I went to the officer commanding the gun squad to tell him to bring the pieces further to the front where we could now see the Spaniards slowly moving by the right flank in line of skirmishers and learned this disappointing fact. The mule was afterwards found and the pieces secured. Our prime minister of meals had also skinned out and for good. He took with him the mule, mess and some bedding. We eventually got the mule.

Shortly after Lieutenant Thomas was wounded Captain McClintock was shot through the leg. The firing was so severe that it was impossible to take him back to the temporary hospital for some time. At about this time a well directed fire from the Spanish on our extreme left would have resulted very seriously. We were all anxious about the left which was stuck out in the air for a long time without support, though towards the latter half of the battle Captain Muller with "E" troop was thrown back of it in reserve. This troop fired but four shots in the engagement, though it had a man wounded. Captain Muller did not believe in firing unless he could see something to fire at.

There were two troops in column therefore on the left, and at the time mentioned six officers were standing up in a moderately small bunch near them. These were Colonel Wood, Colonel Roosevelt who had left his squadron on the right and come to the extreme left where he remained for the rest of the fight, Major Brodie who commanded the left squadron, Captain Rivers of the brigade staff, Lieutenant Franz, adjutant of Major Brodie's squadron and myself. Franz looked at me and we grinned at each other. We were both in the same boat, both adjutants, and

with little or nothing to do but look on and try to appear unconcerned. The group broke up at the next advance.

Later Major Brodie was wounded, and, as the wound proved to be an extremely painful one, when Colonel Wood learned of it he sent me back to the hospital for a first aid package. After I had started and had crossed a small open space there was a crash of fire from our right (we were under a flanking fire during the greater part of the battle). I turned to look and saw, as I supposed, the falling body of Colonel Wood. This led me to report the fact that he was wounded. I hastened to get Dr. Church onto the field not only for Major Brodie but for Colonel Wood. When Church got to the place, however, he did not find Colonel Wood. It was Marshall the *Journal* correspondent who had fallen. He wore a shirt like Colonel Wood's, hence the mistake. I had been expecting to see Colonel Wood fall and had made up my mind to keep it quiet if he did. I tried, however, without success to communicate the fact to General Young.

The Spaniards would have suffered much more severely if, when we saw them to the best advantage, we had not feared they were Cubans and failed to fire on them. Again, the lane through

the trees through which we could see them moving to their own right was narrow, and but a very few men could fire into it at once. That the Spaniards had a flanking force on our right is proved by the fact that the next day a number of our officers found large quantities of exploded Spanish cartridge shells behind a small ridge on the right; by the peculiarity of many of the wounds; and by the direction of the furrows made in the earth by many of the bullets when they fell. With the line of the latter parallel to our own front it is safe to assume that the force that fired it was on our right flank. That they had a machine gun is also certain. The next day I found a box recently opened on the battlefield near Capron's position which had contained machine gun ammunition, together with another box which had contained rifle ammunition. The nature of the contents of each was branded on their sides. It is equally certain that they had posted guerrillas in the trees under which the regiment had deployed who fired on us from the rear. In fact one officer came back from his troop to protest that some other troop of "Ours" was firing on his from the rear. It was explained to him that there was no troop which could fire on him from the rear as all were at that time on the line. There was not so much

trouble from guerrillas in this battle as there was in the fight at San Juan, however.

When the first shots were fired I looked at my watch and noted the time. We began shooting at precisely 7:20 A. M. It was twenty minutes before the other half of the brigade got in, and for twenty minutes the Rough Riders stood the fire of the whole Spanish force alone, their troops on the ridge in the distance being able to fire at us over the heads of the Spaniards with whom we were directly engaged. Their total force is variously estimated at from 2,500 to 4,000. The Rough Riders had about 550 men actually engaged in the battle, besides commissioned officers. The regiment camped on the battle ground along the line A C.

As the enemy left the field Colonel Wood as ranking regimental commander took command of the entire brigade and stationed the regiments in position to hold the ground won. There was little real need of this. The Spaniards retired promptly to Santiago where they had all along planned to make their real defence. In fact the brigade could have pushed on that night to San Juan. The Spanish commander at Guasimas had been instructed to run no risk and lose as few men as possible. He obeyed his orders. There were few if

any dead bodies of Spaniards found on the battle-field. They reported but nine killed, and the usual proportion to that wounded. There were but three or four bodies of Spaniards buried by our regiment, and one of these was a Spaniard who had been killed by Cubans the day before.

There was plenty of joking among the Rough Riders during the engagement. That seems to be the psychical poise of the Westerner. There was no groaning among the wounded. Often there was an exclamation of surprise, and the man would hunt around curiously to see where he had been hit. Then he would grinningly inform his comrades. Their attitude was very similar to that of the Irish hod carrier who fell four stories from the window of a house in process of construction and on striking the pavement looked up and remarked, "I broke me poipe." They all desired to be put together in little squads with their guns and ammunition for protection. After every exchange of fire the regiment moved forward, however, thus surprising the Spaniards by gaining ground and effectually covering the wounded. Orders were given that the men on the line should not help the wounded back to the hospital, and these orders were strictly obeyed. It seemed a heartless measure but it was necessary. The

wounded did not complain. Indeed they were promptly cared for by Surgeons LaMotte and Church and their assistants.

When Colonel Wood first observed the flank movement of the Spaniards, he shouted, "They're on the run." A man in one of the troops nearby exclaimed:

"Things seem to be coming our way."

"Yes—bullets," answered another.

CHAPTER XIII

IN CAMP ON A BATTLEFIELD

AFTER the battle and the establishment of camp the men began to hunt around for articles shed during the fight. Details were sent out to huut for the dead and to beat through the brush for any wounded who might have fallen unnoticed. By nightfall the little shelter tents had been erected, a waggon cover marquee swung for Colonels Wood and Roosevelt and a number of newspaper correspondents who were guests at headquarters, and the camp began to look quite "shipshape," as one of the jocular "horse-marines" said. Marine terms were in constant use now. Many of the men referred no longer to the "front" and "rear" but used the equivalents "forward" and "aft." Some even went so far as to use "starboard" and "port" in preference to the ordinary expressions.

One sailor's term stayed with the regiment persistently. This was the sailors' call "gangway" which they use when they want people to get out

of their way. Indeed one officer nearly precipitated the battle before the shots were fired by Capron's "point." He rode up from the rear in a great hurry through the crowded ranks in the narrow road shouting "gangway" at the top of his voice. The regiment was at the halt and absolute silence was commanded. Every one tried to make him keep still by dumb play but without avail until he reached Colonel Wood himself. The latter whispered the situation, and the officer looked very sheepish.

The "sick bay" however had again become the "hospital." This was a distinct advance. The hospital consisted of a tree, some grass covered ground and a tent in which the medicines were stored. It might just as fittingly have been called the "croquet ground." Later the remaining tents and appurtenances were brought on, and the hospital became quite an institution. In fact the surgeons declared that it was better supplied than any other regimental hospital in the campaign.

Brigade headquarters immediately demanded our casualty returns, and my own time was devoted to making them out. When I handed them to Colonel Wood for his signature I had verified them by comparison with the returns of the hospital. We agreed with but one exception. They

carried one more man killed than my reports did. It was discovered that this man was wounded but alive and likely to recover—which he eventually did.—This gave them one more man wounded than my list showed. This I explained to the Colonel. He was greatly surprised at the report, as from oral information he had received from various quarters he supposed our loss greatly in excess of what the reports showed. Consequently he called all the first sergeants to headquarters and went over the list again. Every sergeant convinced him that the report he had submitted to me was correct. There still remained the mystery of the one man wounded unaccounted for, however. After a great deal of fencing the error was discovered. 1st Sergeant Greenley of "A" troop at length blushingly admitted that he was the other man wounded. He had only been shot through the ear, he explained and did not think it of enough moment to put down on the returns.

This man Greenley was about as fine an example of the "all wool and a yard wide" American soldier as could have been found in the whole 5th Corps. He was an old soldier and most thoroughly in earnest in everything. His reports were always correct, his details the first ready and his troop

in absolute discipline. He was the delight of Captain O'Neill as the troop was his pride. On one occasion Greenley's company clerk had made a slight mistake in a clothing roll which had to be sent back for correction. The clerk got a lecture from Greenley which he will never forget.

"You have ruined my reputation," wailed Greenley, in tones that could be heard all over camp, greatly to the delight and amusement of O'Neill, the "Charles O'Malley" of the regiment. Incidentally the "Mickey Free" of the regiment was represented in a quite original and up-to-date way by McGinty of "K" troop, who was the delight of Lieutenant (later Captain) Woodbury Kane.

The men found that the haversacks which they had shed during the battle had been rifled of most of their contents, and there was an immediate shortage of rations. Infantry and cavalry were now hurrying through camp to the front. How they came to be without rations is something inexplicable. A pack train came with them, bringing rations for the Rough Riders, but before it could be unloaded it was ordered on for the use of some other regiment. The men were very hungry and naturally amazed at such a procedure.

In this dilemma Colonel Roosevelt took a detail of men back to Siboney, secured some of the main components of the ration (I think by purchase with his own money) and brought them on. Headquarters, being without food, ate with whatever officers would invite it, until the rearrival the next day of its mule and mess, minus the prime minister, who had become valet extraordinary and chef plenipotentiary to a troop of the 9th Cavalry. He took with him my solitary piece of bedding, a yellow slicker and a hunting knife which was the apple of my eye. I wondered how a sleep on the damp ground with the stars for a quilt would go with my malaria, when a small train hove in sight with my bedding. It had been landed at Siboney and brought forward. Chaplain Brown had been left behind at Daiquiri to help land the regimental stores. When the Yucatan changed her position to Siboney the chaplain emulated Captain McCormick, obtained a mule, packed what he could of the headquarters supplies on the mule and pushed on alone to the front, arriving just after supper. He was a Godly man but a goodly hustler, and walked the whole distance apparently without fatigue. He was disappointed at having missed the battle, but pleased to be in time at the funeral. He officiated at

every burial in the regiment. It would have broken his heart to have missed one. He left at Daiquiri a good part of the regimental effects in charge of a solitary man.

This man deserves mention. He had in some way reached Cuba intent on joining the Rough Riders. He passed the physical examination all right but could not be mustered in, as the regiment was then hurrying its preparations for the march to Siboney. He was left alone at Daiquiri in charge of all this regimental property, and stayed at his post a faithful civilian guard, until I took him and the property to the front on July 7th. He was then promptly mustered in.

The dead had now been gathered in and laid in a row under a tree with a sentinel to guard them and keep away the vultures and hideous speckled red land crabs, which, with tarantulas, make up for the absence of snakes in Cuba. The body of Captain Capron was sent back to Siboney with the wounded, as his father was on one of the transports with his battery of artillery. Thither, too, went Chaplain Brown to conduct the services. The father could not be communicated with, as the transports were too far out at sea, and the body had to be buried near the coast. Among the ghastly looking row of dead was the body of

Hamilton Fish, who had been killed in the very centre of "L" troop by the side of 1st Sergeant Frank P. Hayes (afterwards 2d lieutenant), who commanded the centre platoon of that troop. When Fish was shot he uttered a sigh, his head bowed slightly forward, as though in answer to the question Hayes asked him: "Are you hit?" and expired without saying a word. There was also the body of Russel, whom I had hoped to make acting sergeant-major.

Late on the night of the 24th another pack train brought rations to the regiment, and the men had a pleasant surprise on the next day in the shape of an unexpected breakfast. From that time on to the capitulation the regiment lived literally from hand to mouth.

All the afternoon a relief of men worked at a grave for the dead, and gathered palm leaves with which to line the grave, floor it and cover the bodies. A new Spanish uniform was found by one of the men, and as it had been difficult to tell just who were the Spaniards, I had the suit disinfected and sent around for inspection. It was of light white cloth striped with small blue lines. For the rest, they wore high-crowned, broad-brimmed straw hats and white shoes. The officers were designated by insignia even simpler than our own,

when they wore any at all, and each man wore on his collar the number of his regiment and the Spanish territorial division to which it belonged. For instance, " P 29 " meant the " 29th Peninsula Regiment."

A number of small bands of Cubans passed to the front on the road by which we were camped. In one of these was an extremely mirthful gentleman, as black as the ace of spades. I saw him a number of times afterwards, and his tongue was ever hung in the middle and wagging at both ends. He took a roseate view of every situation, and offered an incentive to our men to move forward and capture Santiago forthwith.

" Plenty beautiful señoras in Santiago—most beautiful señoras," he cried repeatedly, as he passed on. He was a gallant of the old school, amorous and enthusiastic. His conception of the soldier could be put in the two lines:

> " The first to scale the castle tower,
> As venturous in a lady's bower."

Here's hoping that he found the " most beautiful señoras." To the Rough Riders they were back in America. In fact Isabel of Capron's point, who, with five wounds in his body, helped a wounded chum back to Siboney, was already

making his way back to the Indian Territory to kill a rival who had been trying to flirt with his sweetheart.

An officer of the other wing of the brigade came over to headquarters and told us of their part of the fight. They went headlong up the road without an advance guard until an excited but wise Cuban galloped to the head of the column and warned them that unless they threw out an advance guard and took proper precautions they would be massacred. There was altogether too much confidence in the American army—too much "ego in its cosmos," as Kipling would say.

Chaplain Brown brought with him a little mail for the regiment. A post-office had already been established at Daiquiri. But little had been sorted, but he brought all that was picked out for us up to the time of his departure. I received one letter. It was from a newspaper man in New York who had just started a weekly paper. He wanted me to get subscribers to the paper among the rich men of the regiment. In the midst of death we are in American enterprise. O'Neill was the personification of it. He was the most indefatigable schemer that ever was. He already had a number of mining companies projected to develop the wealth of Cuba, to say nothing of sugar companies and huge

cattle ranches which were sure to prove money winners because of the never ending supply of grass and water. In addition he was a walking encyclopædia—about as well informed a man as you would meet in a lifetime. On the trip to Cuba he had projected an association which was to be called the "Military Order of the Morro." Colonel Wood was interested and suggested a name which was substituted, to-wit: "The Military Order of the Foreign Wars of the Republic." Eventually the association became the "Rough Riders' Association."

On the afternoon of Guasimas Captain O'Neill was already at work getting up a regimental raffle for the dead Captain Capron's horse. He expected to be able to send Captain Capron's widow several hundred dollars for the horse and then give her the horse. Before he had time from his many duties to complete all the arrangements other officers had to take it in charge and a similar one for his own widow.

The guns of the men were new to them, and they seem to have been constructed with an especial view to accidental discharge. At any rate they were often discharged accidentally not only in our camp but in many others. Then the comrades of the man who was careless would yell:

"Take it away from him—take it away from him."

This became quite the fashion and could be heard throughout the campaign.

Late in the afternoon some sentinels at our front dragged in a poor bewildered little wretch of swarthy hue. He wore an almost complete Spanish uniform, and they had spotted him for a spy. The regiment turned out *en masse* near headquarters to have a look at him. The poor fellow was frightened out of his wits, sank on his knees and raised his hands in an attitude of prayer, supplicating mercy. The men laughed—not at him but at the idea that they would hurt him. Then they turned away and went back to their tents in order to soothe his fears.

Captain Luna, who could speak Spanish like a native, was called and talked with the man. He claimed to be a Cuban. He was taken to the guard-house and furnished with a better meal than the men had had. He ate voraciously, sitting on the ground with a grim-looking six-foot sentry posted behind him. The meal assuaged his fears. Cubans were sent for and identified him as one of their own, and he was released. He had probably obtained his wardrobe from some dead Spaniard.

Late in the evening an orderly from brigade

headquarters visited me and asked for my tri-monthly return for the past two periods of ten days in June. I looked at him in blank astonishment. A tri-monthly return was a new one on me and I told him so. He wanted to grin but did not dare to. Then he politely explained that it was a digest of the regimental morning report for the preceding ten days and that another would be due the 30th. I explained feebly that by diligence and perseverance I had been able to accumulate a bottle of particularly watery ink and a steel pen that had seen better days, also a few sheets of mouldy uniform paper. But, I added that I had no regimental morning report, no blank tri-monthly returns and, in fact, no blanks of any kind. He gazed at me with a look of blank astonishment and seemed to want to utter blanks, but the right to utter such I had been reserving for my own use on just such an occasion.

Eventually he confided to me the cheerful fact that he had one spare blank at headquarters which he would give to me in order that I might turn in the return for the ten days ending June 20th so that they could furnish Division Headquarters with their own return. This saved me from making out five others, for three were required for each ten days. One went to brigade headquarters, one

to the Adjutant General of the Army and one was to be kept by myself. I never got those that were to be kept by myself and I am inclined to believe the Adjutant General never got his. I spent the rest of the day trying to study out what the single blank furnished me meant and trying to fill it with the information required. This had to be culled from the troop morning reports, and as some of these were lost it was a most unsatisfactory job as well as an aggravating one. I wasted so much time over it that I had none left to secure subscriptions to the new paper. I have always been sorry for that. Perhaps the subscriptions would have saved the life of the paper. In a few weeks it expired. In the midst of life it was in death.

But the thought of another tri-monthly return to make out on the 30th tortured my waking moments and filled my sleep with horrid dreams nightly. On the 30th, however, the regiment marched to El Paso. In the excitement of the following days even brigade and division headquarters forgot the tri-monthly returns and asked for no more. I did not remind them.

CHAPTER XIV

BETWEEN BATTLES

On the morning of the 25th of June the seven Rough Riders who, besides Captain Capron, had been killed the day before were buried by the side of the road on which the Spaniards had retreated. The position of each body was carefully noted and three copies of the memorandum made. One was carried by Colonel Wood, another by Chaplain Brown and the third by myself. The grave was afterwards marked by the Cubans with a cross made of stones, and a monument, I understand, has since been erected. The regiment and the guests at headquarters attended. No volleys were fired for fear of giving an alarm to some of the other regiments camped near us, but melancholy taps were sounded over the grave and the Chaplain held the usual service, hymns being sung by the whole regiment.

The day was spent in cleaning guns, talking over the battle, struggling for rations and obtaining a fresh supply of ammunition. Troops were

again being pushed by us to the front, and more were put into camp near us. In the afternoon my horse arrived as unexpectedly as my bedding and clothes did the night before. He was in sorry shape and very seasick. I was not able to ride him for several days, but when we moved I could carry my few effects on him.

All the effects found on the battlefield and unclaimed were brought to headquarters and gradually found owners. Those who could not identify property and were short were then provided out of the remainder (which undoubtedly belonged to the dead and wounded), and soon the regiment was as well provided as it had been before the struggle. There was even a considerable surplus, especially in the matter of arms, for all those belonging to the dead and wounded were left at the front as a matter of course. About twenty per cent. of the regiment had been killed and wounded in the battle.

On the previous evening Colonel Roosevelt declared that we should be known henceforth as the "Rough Riders" among ourselves as well as among the people; and Colonel Wood had named "L" troop "Capron's Troop" and issued orders that such was thereafter to be its official designation. It was now commanded by Lieutenant

Day, its 2d Lieutenant. Sickness began to make its appearance among the men; and on this day I received notice that Leroy E. Tomlinson, a private of "B" troop, had died on the Olivette on the 23d and had been buried at Daiquiri.

Among the other troops that passed us to the front were the three regiments of regular cavalry constituting the first brigade. They were individually and collectively disgusted at not getting into the first battle of the war. The second brigade became uneasy now, supposing that the first would be given the next chance, and their being moved to the front seemed to indicate such an arrangement. The second was soon ordered to move on, however, and camp was quickly broken and the brigade moved forward some three or four miles to a new camping place.

Short though this march was in distance it was distressingly long in time. Regiments were in front of us and behind us, the road was blocked, and as is always the case under such conditions the marching was mainly waiting in the road. We would march a couple of hundred yards and then wait about half an hour. The sun's rays were directly overhead, and the atmosphere was boiling hot. The foliage on either side of the road was tall and thick, but it afforded no shade, and

would have screened us from any breeze that might have been stirring. A number of the men were prostrated by the heat, and Dr. Church, strong and healthy as he was, nearly gave out himself. To add to the misery, general officers and their staffs, aides, couriers and pack trains trotted through the ranks, breaking up formations and raising a stifling dust.

When our camping-ground was eventually reached it was disappointing. It lay between the road and a small creek at the base of the foot-hills of the mountains, to which we were now nearer than ever before. In plain view on the summit of the range three Spanish blockhouses could be distinctly seen. The new camping-ground was bristling with brushwood, and it was quite a job to get to the point selected for headquarters. This was by a particularly spreading mango tree which had evidently been used by the enemy for the same purpose but a few days before. We could have reached the point without trouble by passing through a small portion of the camp of the mounted squadron which adjoined ours, but they would not permit it.

The heat and the wretched conditions of the campaign had begun to tell on every one's nerves, and ill-temper was to be expected almost every-

where. Already officers and men were beginning to come down with the fever. It attacked General Young the next day; he became delirious and was eventually obliged to leave the island. General Wheeler, too, was on the sick list off and on. This action of the mounted squadron was not to its advantage, however. Our camp included the best watering-place for horses within a considerable distance. and it had been the custom of the mounted squadron to lead their horses to water through the very ground on which our headquarters was situated. This was immediately stopped by placing sentinels around the camp with instructions to keep the mounted squadron well away from headquarters, and they were obliged to make an annoying detour. They had been grazing their horses throughout our camp. This was also stopped. The rain now became a feature of every day's life and misery. Deep drains were a necessity, as the flat ground was actually water-soaked and implements for disturbing the natural repose of the crust of the soil were in great demand. By persistent and skilful hustling the Rough Riders had now acquired an abundant supply of these implements. The mounted squadron was without them, at least in sufficient number, and after standing a drenching or two raised

the white flag and came over singly and in groups to borrow of us. It is needless to say that they were not refused though they were held to a strict accountability for the return of the implements. The Rough Riders could hustle for themselves, but had no anxiety to be hustled against.

In all the commands constant guards had to be kept on the river to prevent men, and even officers, from bathing in it and washing clothes and dishes in it. This was not only for the protection of each regiment, but for the protection of regiments further down the river.

A number of scouting parties were now sent out by the regiment under command of some of the ambitious and energetic youngsters, like Lieutenants Greenway, Franz, Goodrich and Keyes. These brought back supplies of mangoes ripe, luscious, and awkward to eat. To eat a mango with comfort, one requires a capacious bib, four napkins, two finger bowls, a bath towel, bath tub, plenty of water and a month's supply of soap. He also requires the services of a physician and possibly those of a trained nurse and an undertaker. Physicians should flock to Cuba and take with them their favourite undertakers, though the latter would have to compete with the native vultures.

In fact Cuba is a curious country. If it could be roofed over and walled with wire screens it would be a paradise. The drainage from such a roof would supply the whole world with fresh water and refill the great lakes after Niagara, and the Chicago Drainage Canal had drained them dry. While such a roof might throw Cuba in the shade, family washings could be hung out on it and dried in the space of ten minutes. The roof would also supply good bicycle paths, which are greatly needed in the Pearl of the Antilles. Take it all in all, this scheme is worthy the attention of Congress.

Before going to Cuba we had been solemnly warned that every soldier should take a hammock with him on the campaign. Perhaps he should. He should also have taken a summer hotel. As none of these things was supplied none but a few of the officers had hammocks. This was the only camp where we seriously tried to use them. They were swung in the tentage from posts sunk in the soil. No matter how deeply the posts were sunk or how securely braced and held with guy ropes they constantly "gave" in the mushy, rain-soaked soil. We would retire at night, swinging perilously five feet from the ground, and awake in the morning reclining on the soil.

The men adapted themselves at once to tropical conditions and began using sugarcane and bamboo for every conceivable purpose. Mugs, cups, pipes, pitchers, pails, floors, roofs, walls, beds, chairs—all were made from them. Limes were gathered and made into a very refreshing limonade, and some even attempted to eat green pineapples. But it must not be thought that the directions of the medical department as to the eating of fruit were generally disregarded. In fact, as many of the regulations concerning health were followed as possible. If all had been strictly enforced there would have been time to do nothing else, and the army would still have been at Daiquiri.

Dr. Church, probably because he was a medical officer and therefore better able to care for himself than any one else, was assigned a spot for his shelter tent which happened to be just below the level of the remainder of the camp. When the first storm came all the other tents had been surrounded by drainage ditches. He had been busy looking after his fellow man; and, as is quite usual in this world of wickedness, his fellow man, had not been looking after him. As the deluge descended, Church crawled into his little tent, smilingly declining the shelter of my own, where a number were congregated. He thought he would

smoke a cigarette and read a letter during the storm. It was not so ordained. First his tent began to leak, which is the natural prerogative of a "shelter" tent. Then the soil under him became saturated. Then a family of tarantulas which had been holding a birthday reception under his bedding crawled out and looked askance at him. Then he looked askance at them.

At this interesting juncture the ditches around the various other tents filled simultaneously and overflowed into their outlet ditches. These latter were pointed naturally toward lowest ground, and a tidal wave moved toward the doctor. Somebody laughed. Then all laughed. The doctor did not. He removed his clothes, exhibiting a muscular figure that had carried the pig-skin through rush line barriers many times for Princeton; and, grabbing a spade from the supply pile, began the construction of an elaborate canal. His idea, born of necessity, was to build a drainage ditch that would drain the whole camp. This he did single handed, getting a refreshing bath at the same time. His engineering was excellent, his contractor honest, labour A 1, and by dint of an afternoon's work he succeeded in protecting fourteen square feet of ground for his own use.

A few yards from Church's tent the Chaplain

had erected his. Some foreign officers were now guests at headquarters as well as one or two newspaper men. They had gone forward with an armed reconnaissance from Lawton's division, which was again in front. They had left their lariats lying on the ground. The Chaplain needed rope to swing his hammock. Now the Chaplain was an honest man, but he had lived most of his life in the far west. Even after leaving Rome one often continues to "do as the Romans do." The Chaplain spied those two precious lariats and soon had his hammock swinging. Later the foreign officers returned. They had to stand and hold their horses until some one explained matters to the Chaplain. Then he good-naturedly apologized and returned the lariats.

One of these visiting officers was an Englishman. Conversation at dinner one day fell on matters governmental, and numerous stories were told of various government officials. They were all stories of interest, and many of them humorous. The English officer was deeply impressed and was taking them very seriously. In a lull in the conversation he suddenly burst out:

"Well, gentlemen, from what you have been saying I must say I cannot see any reason why we should change our form of government."

This was followed by a deathly silence, which continued during the rest of the meal.

One of the most amusing incidents of the campaign and at the same time one of the most idiotic, occurred in this camp. A member of the guard called me to one of the remote sentinel's posts. On my arrival there I found an immense pile of boxes of ammunition flanked by a similar pile of rations. Two officers, one of the brigade and one of the corps staff were awaiting me.

"We want a special guard put over this stuff," said the member of the corps staff, "three privates and a sergeant."

I gave the necessary directions at once. Then he told me the orders to be given to the sergeant of this guard. No one was to be permitted to take anything from either of these two piles of ammunition and rations excepting by order from himself or from the other staff officer present. Then he conferred with his colleague and amended this. In case the army was attacked or a battle brought on the ammunition was to be supplied to such regiments as needed it. I told him that I would convey the orders to Colonel Wood and that the guard would be established at once.

"No, you won't do anything of the kind," growled the staff officer "I want you to under-

stand distinctly that Colonel Wood is to have nothing to do with this."

I expostulated, reminding him that Colonel Wood was in command of the regiment and would necessarily be in command of this guard detail.

That made no difference to him except to increase his vehemence and uncover his wrath. He insisted that no one but the sergeant in charge should have anything to say about the disposal of the stores he was guarding, and then only under the instructions given.

I smiled and asked him sweetly if the sergeant was to be the judge of the amount of ammunition that might be needed by a regiment on the line. This necessitated another conference, and the instructions were again amended. This time the sergeant was to let any regiment take as much ammunition as it wanted in case of a fight. The amendment was certainly comprehensive. That staff officer was probably fearing that Colonel Wood might take the whole supply of ammunition over to Santiago and capture the town single handed. There was no fight at this place, and the ammunition was eventually taken further forward, but it may please the staff officer to know that his special guard was always under the

direct command of Colonel Wood and bound to obey the latter's orders concerning all things.

There was plenty of work to do in this camp. A regimental morning report was required every morning, and in trying to work it out correctly I found many mistakes in the troop morning reports with which I was more familiar. We took the opportunity of the rest to get these things straight. In this I was greatly helped by a Wall Street broker who willingly accepted the humble position of headquarters clerk provided he could be with his troop in battle. His name was Van Schaick and he was worth his weight in gold, and with gold at a good premium.

There was a constant battle with the elements, too, and at night all hands were tired enough to long for sleep—all save one. This was one of our guests, the one whom I had offended by laughing at his awkwardness in mounting a mule. From taps till his tongue got tired he talked. Hour after hour my sleepless tent mate and I exchanged oaths on the subject, whispered oaths for he was a guest. Finally one morning I resorted to gentle sarcasm. I told him that I had been enjoying his evening animadversions very much indeed. He bit, but not in the way I expected. He missed the sarcasm, took the statement seri-

ously and expressed himself as greatly pleased. He had once or twice feared that he was keeping us awake—but etc., etc.

On the opposite side of the road the light artillery went into camp. With it was Captain Capron, the father of our dead Capron. The latter's effects were gathered together and two members of the regiment went to Captain Capron's tent to give them to him, express their sympathy, and tell him of the disposition that was being made of Capron's horse. The Captain would not receive the things. He was terribly affected by the death of his son, who I believe was the third he had lost, and was very bitter.

Morning and afternoon the regimental bands in the various camps gave concerts. The patriotic tunes were wildly cheered, regiment after regiment taking up the cheering. When one night a band played "A Hot Time" the Rough Riders got up *en masse* and yelled themselves hoarse.

CHAPTER XV

ON TO SAN JUAN

On the afternoon of the 30th of June the regiment received orders to break camp again and march to the front. Colonel Wood, by virtue of his rank had now been put in command of our brigade on account of General Young's absence, sick. Colonel Roosevelt, therefore, commanded the regiment from this day till it was disbanded September 15th, 1898.

This was another hot dusty march, but not so tiresome a journey as the last, though longer. Troops were in front of us as usual, but for the first part of the march there were not so many, and the road was more open, Toward the end, however, the troops in front began to bank up. In some way or other we got separated from the rest of the brigade and began to have troubles of our own again. Eventually one of our division staff appeared and told us that there was another road a trifle to the south of the main one, and that by cutting across and taking this we could make

up our lost time. This was immediately done and we stole quite a march on the infantry, almost catching up with the other regiments of our brigade.

By taking this road we passed Corps Headquarters and Division Hospital, the latter the scene the next day and for several days afterwards of sights too harrowing to be described except in the cold, scientific language of the surgeon. Some distance beyond we again joined the regular line. Two regiments of infantry were halted in column of fours directly in front of us filling up the road. Colonel Roosevelt was not to be stopped by this and, calling to the infantry to give way, pushed on. A part of the regiment got through all right, but the rear end of the regiment was split up and considerably delayed, getting into El Poso some time after the arrival of the other.

All the way up the road we had been in plain sight of the balloon of the signal corps from which observations had been taken of the enemy. All the observations of value were taken this day, and if they had not attempted to use the balloon on the next many lives would have been saved.

We reached El Poso at dusk. The 1st and 10th Cavalry were already in camp on the higher ground behind Grimes' battery of Artillery. We camped

immediately in the vicinity of the single adobe house and barn which is all that is necessary to form a Cuban town with a high sounding title. Incidentally every third town in Cuba is named San José, San Luis or San Juan.

The camp was a miserable one, crowded with soldiers, teams, horses, mules, teamsters, a battery of Hotchkiss mountain cannon and what not. Fires were soon burning brightly, supper cooking and every one was getting in every one else's way. However, we all knew that the Spaniards were now but a mile and a half away. It was a bright moonlit night, or matters would have been still more uncomfortable than they were.

Immediately after arriving in camp I started to mount the guard. The first call had hardly died away from the lips of the bugle when a general officer and a member of his staff rushed down to expostulate with me and try to convince me that I was a perfect fool. The ground of their contention was that I had had bugle calls sounded when the enemy were but a mile and a half away, thus exposing the location of our forces to the enemy. I did not stop to remonstrate or explain that bugle calls were not supposed to be abolished even in battle. But I glanced thoughtfully at the half dozen roaring camp fires not twenty yards away.

"Of course," growled the officer, "they can see the fires. I know that."

I did not congratulate him. Then he lit into me for thinking of mounting a guard in the presence of the enemy. I did not explain that a guard was more necessary then that at any other time.

"Keep your old guard on," he continued. I had sense enough not to call his attention to the fact that the Articles of War expressly forbid keeping a man on guard duty more than twenty-four hours. There is no use in arguing with a man whose nerves are a jangle and who has lost his temper. I promptly gave orders to dismiss the guard. At this the officer's wits returned, and he said:

"Well, as long as you have got them in ranks go ahead and mount them."

So I had to revoke my last orders. Then he ordered me to reduce the size of the guard, which I did. After the guard had passed out of my hands I believe it was reduced again. I suppose in the presence of the enemy guards are useless.

Captain O'Neill and "A" troop were sent up the road toward the Morro as an outpost by order of Colonel Roosevelt, supper was eventually cooked and beds made down, though again there was a

dearth of bedding, much of the impedimenta having been left behind under a small guard. Supper was late. Reveille was ordered (without the bugle) for 4 A. M., and there was little sleep that night in consequence. In addition to the other disturbing causes regiments were passing by, and our other brigade came along to camp by us. Personally I was too sick to eat well or sleep. Cadet (acting and later actual lieutenant) Haskell was in an even worse state. He could not even eat any breakfast.

"Well," he said, philosophically, "they ought not to be able to hit me in the bowels." That was just where he was wounded. On the day previous O'Neill with characteristic confidence had declared that the Spanish bullet which was to kill him "had not yet been moulded." It was then being carried around by a Spaniard, who would have thrown it away if he had known what kind of a man it was going to kill.

After the unnecessarily early breakfast we waited—as usual. Nothing was to be done until we heard Lawton's guns, and Lawton did not begin until about 7:30. It was understood that he was to take El Caney in two hours and then join the main army on the right in the attack on San Juan Heights and Kettle Hill.

About eight o'clock Grimes' battery, which was situated on high ground to the left of El Poso, opened on the defences and blockhouses of San Juan which were in plain sight. It fired over the heads of the various regiments passing to the front on the road, did little or no damage, puffed out great clouds of smoke and gave the enemy a target as big as the side of a ship. Did they need a target? It is doubtful. They could see the adobe house at El Poso and the whole regiment of Rough Riders crowded around it. Grimes continued firing, and off to our right and front Lawton's guns (Capron's battery) were still booming away. It was a calm clear morning, and the heat was already intense. The river (a small creek) where water was obtained was some considerable distance away, and later most of the men went into battle with empty or nearly empty canteens.

After Grimes had fired a score of shots or more there was a dull roar and sailing in our direction, clearly in evidence against the pale blue background of sky, came a round shell with a little thread of white smoke trailing from its fuse. Some of the men started to seek cover, slowly without panic and with commendable good sense.

"Here, what's the matter with you?" yelled a staff officer who had been watching the bombard-

ment through his field glasses. "That's only a shell."

It was only a shell, but the men had more sense than he had. They had been talking together and were naturally wondering why they were put in such an exposed position.

"You can bet your life," said one of the men, "those Spaniards know the exact distance to this hill and they'll fire right into us."

A number of officers expressed the same opinion, but no effort was made to move the men.

The shell burst in the air, doing no damage. Grimes' battery responded spitefully. They believed they had uncovered the enemy's battery. It was now a duel between modern breech-loading rifled fieldpieces and old-fashioned muzzle-loading smooth-bores. But the Spanish were using smokeless powder in their smooth-bores and had a better target.

When the shell burst some of the men laughed. Calm was restored, and the officer who had predicted that a mere shell would do no damage looked proud. There was another dull roar, a second shell came along. The men laughed again. It exploded right among them, coming like a railroad train, so fast the senses could not measure its speed with any accuracy at all.

The comities of the occasion ceased at once. The regiment retired down the slope of the hill upon which the house and stable constituting El Poso were situate. The second shell had killed and wounded a number of men Colonel Roosevelt was hit on the back of the hand by one of the spent bullets which it contained. I took the liberty of applying an old soldier's axiom of which I had read. I predicted that he would not be hit again during the engagement—and he was not.

Personally I made a bee-line for my horse, which was tied to a bush nearby. After untying him I started for the edge of the hill. Before going twenty feet I saw in my path a man with one of the most sickening wounds I saw during the campaign. His leg had been hit by a piece of this second shell and lay open, bleeding profusely.

"Please get me out of here," said the man quietly.

"All right," I answered, half wonderingly, for I did not know just how I was going to do it. I happened to look up. Surgeon LaMotte and two of his assistants were coming towards me. Luck was with me. I turned the man over to them and made for the edge of the hill over which the regiment seemed to have disappeared.

The surface of the slope of this hill was some-

what similar to the surface of part of a truncated cone. Part of the regiment went down what might be called one "side" and part the other. They separated from each other, rather naturally as the fire of the enemy was directed at the right centre of the slope. Again, as luck would have it, a queer incident occurred. General Wood and Colonel Roosevelt went down one side, while General Wood's staff, with possibly one or two exceptions, and Colonel Roosevelt's staff (myself) went down the other.

For a time the shell fire of the enemy was accurate and destructive. They seemed to know the ground to an inch. But they evidently ran out of ammunition, or appeared to do so, for suddenly the fire ceased. Grimes' battery fired a few more shots, and it was announced that they had silenced the fire of the enemy. That this was not the case is proved by the fact that the same battery of the enemy opened up again for some time during the charge. They were probably husbanding their ammunition.

In the meantime General Lawton was pounding away at El Caney. His battery seemed to be doing about as well as our own. He had a division and a brigade against a bare five hundred Spaniards. His two hours were up, and he had

not yet made an impression on the enemy. Why this movement on Caney was made is a mystery of our strategy. Why the Spaniards defended it so desperately is another mystery. If Lawton had fought with the main body of the army of July 1st the Spaniards would have been flanked and beaten with half the loss to the American force which they had to suffer. Moreover when the heights of San Juan were taken El Caney would have been untenable and the Spaniards would have had to hurry from it into their lines at Santiago to escape capture—and even this they might not have been able to do. As it was, they maintained their fight until late in the afternoon. Of the five hundred who defended the town fully one-fourth escaped, and they killed and wounded about five hundred Americans. It was a useless victory, won at an awful cost.

It might be urged that the Spanish force at El Caney threatened our line of communications; but our line of communications was always open to attack. An alert, aggressive enemy would have broken it at will and brought the 5th Corps to an about-face and a hasty retrograde movement.

Why this was never done the other side may explain, if it can.

Two very pretty stories are told about this fight at Caney. After one of the Spanish trenches had been cleaned out a white flag was raised. Two Spanish officers appeared immediately and started for Lawton's line. They were smoking cigarettes, laughing and chatting as amiably as though they were out for a morning stroll. They had done all they could. There was no possibility of retreat, and they surrendered with good judgment and utter *sang froid.* When the charge began on the stone blockhouse the Spanish commander knew that his part of the jig was up. It was reported that he came to the door of the blockhouse and waved a white flag. It was too late. There is no stopping a charge save by bullets from the front. When the officer realised the situation he went back into the house only to return with a Spanish flag which he wrapped about him as he took his place in the doorway awaiting his death.

One of the Infantry regiments was terribly cut up by the Spaniards during the Caney episode. They were as good a regiment as is made, but they got all they bargained for and more. I dined at their headquarters a few days later, after the truce had been declared, and one of the officers declared that he would not object if the truce

lasted for the rest of his life—a sentiment that appeared to have many supporters. They had plenty of admiration for Spanish marksmanship and for the Mauser rifle—and they had reason to have it.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

ABOUT nine o'clock the Rough Riders were assembled and began another advance toward Santiago. The shell fire had hurt them, but had not disconcerted them to the extent that is usual with new troops. It had been a matter of a few minutes' wonder and that is all.

The road on which the regiment advanced was lined with infantry who were halted to give the cavalry division right of way. An occasional bullet singing through the trees gave notice that the guerrillas were ready for work. Off in front the Spanish regulars were calmly waiting. The morning was intolerably hot. No attempt was made to carry the Colt guns with the regiment. They and all the impedimenta, even the haversacks, were left behind. It was a day on which no man could carry an ounce more than necessary. Six of our officers (including myself) were overcome by the heat during the day, and a proportionate number of men.

General Sumner with a part of his staff was

standing by the side of the road about fifty yards south of the ford, which later in the day became the site of the field hospital. It was there that surgeons were killed by sharp-shooters, wounded re-wounded, and ambulances fired on in spite of their red cross. This was the ford of the Aguadores river, a muddy little stream quite unworthy of the fame now attached to it. The regiment halted while Colonel Roosevelt awaited instructions from General Sumner. The latter and some other officers were holding a consultation with Colonel Miley of General Shafter's staff. At this moment Captain Howze, adjutant-general on General Sumner's staff, rode up and reported to General Sumner that the 1st brigade of the Cavalry Division was in position.

"They are waiting to go at 'em," said Howze grimly. Then there was another consultation. Finally Colonel Miley apparently gave in.

"Well," said he, "you gentlemen are older men than I am." General Sumner immediately gave directions to Colonel Roosevelt to cross the Aguadores about fifty yards up the river from the first-mentioned ford, and make his way to the extreme right and endeavour to connect with General Lawton, who by this time should have been moving west on the road from Caney to

join flanks. The movement was to be made in line of skirmishers "moving by the right flank."

The movement was made with difficulty, owing to the underbrush. As usual "L" troop was in advance and became the advance guard, and with it went Colonel Roosevelt, Captain McCormick and myself. About three troops had crossed when an orderly from General Sumner brought commands to Colonel Roosevelt to send orders to each troop commander to throw out flankers to the front, and to be sure not to fire at the 1st and 10th Cavalry, who were already deployed, and whom we were gradually uncovering. I took the order to each troop commander, and at the ford told each one of the rear troops as they crossed. On the bank where I stood were General Sumner and Captain Howze. The movement continued. As the men crossed the river nearly every one tried to fill his canteen. This General Sumner ordered me to stop, and I had to do so, often rather severely. I fancy not one man knew or thought I was acting under orders, and I can imagine that I was thoroughly and artistically cursed by the thirsty men. War would seem much kinder if an officer could stop and explain the reason for many of his seeming cruelties.

Suddenly the men halted. The General ordered

me to send them on. I took a look and found that they were halted far in advance and could not go further and keep their proper distances. Then he ordered me to send an officer to our Colonel with instructions to go ahead. Lieutenant Haskell was the only officer in sight and he transmitted the order. The bullets were already "phewing" about us, and Haskell was hit in the stomach just after delivering his message. After notifying the commanding officer of the last troop I went again to the front. The head of the column had come across a picket of six men who claimed to be Cubans. After a consultation in which Captain Luna again acted as interpreter, Colonel Roosevelt decided that they were Cubans —there were some Cuban intrenchments to our right and rear—and let them go. They proceeded directly to the front and three of them disappeared. The other three could be seen in trees about a thousand yards in our front. They must have been much nearer the Spanish trenches than they were to us, and probably more visible to the Spaniards. Whether they were Cubans or guerrillas is still a question.

The fire was becoming hotter and hotter every moment, especially on the right where all the horses were. The underbrush concealed the of-

ficers and men, but not always the horses. The latter, too, made more disturbance passing through the brush. Suddenly the regiment was halted and moved forward a few yards to take advantage of the cover afforded by the road, which was sunk about three feet below the general level. I got permission from Colonel Roosevelt to place a picket of six men in a clump of trees on our extreme right, to watch the front and flank. When I reported to him he was bending over Haskell and promising him a commission in the regular army —which I think he got later. Lieutenant Wilcox was lying by Haskell, completely prostrated by the heat, which was simply unbearable, but which had to be borne. The heavy guns of the Spanish warships in the harbour were now firing directly over our heads at the balloon behind us. These were heavy shells. There was no "whizzing" about them. They did not even "scream" or "shriek" as writers so often say. They simply "smashed" through the air. They were accompanied by the "phewing" of countless Mauser bullets, nearly all fired at the same object. About a thousand yards in our rear, perhaps more, infantry were advancing, and they received the worst part of the fire at the balloon. It must have been maddening to them—to be fired at and not to be able to return the fire.

That balloon was another of the curiosities of the campaign. Why it was sent up on this second day no one has yet explained. Its work had been done the day before. A good part of the gas had escaped, and it could only rise a short distance. The signal corps would have been better employed putting up a field telephone wire. This was done a day or two later.

I went back to the picket. In front of our line at this time was a moderately open field covered with thick, tall yellow grass. Our regiment should have advanced, when the time came, directly over this field. It would have been fairly well hidden, and would have turned the flank of the Spanish left. If Lawton had been in place and in the battle, it can be seen, therefore, how easily a simple advance of his division would have driven the Spaniards back into Santiago, and it would have spread their fire over more than one-half greater distance. Just the opposite move was made, however. Instead of spreading out the line it was massed up. To every one's amazement the regiment was ordered back to the left. That accounts for its passing over the lines of the regulars in the charge on what was called "Kettle Hill."

Not only did the regiment bank up behind others, but its right was also banked up. Three

companies advanced, one behind the other. It is no wonder that the casualties were great here. On this bunch of men the Spaniards poured in a continuous fire, accompanied by an artillery fire that was limited in destructiveness only by their shortage in ammunition for their guns.

The regiment advanced on the detached hill on the left of the Spanish position, just mentioned. The right of the regiment rested on and advanced along a barbed-wire fence, one of two that enclosed a road leading directly to the house situated at the top of the hill. The Spaniards occupied the house, the intrenchments around it and even some sugar kettles at the side of it. The ground was dotted with trees and shrubbery, which afforded concealment in the halts, but little protection. The ground sloped from this detached hill to the main heights, and between them was a small pond. The infantry and part of the cavalry stormed the heights on the left, which were also crowned by a house and intrenchments. On account of the peculiarity of the Spanish position and the inability to tell just where their fire came from, there was some confusion. One regiment of our brigade advancing came upon part of another. They found that they were advancing at right angles to each other.

"They told me the Spaniards were over there," said Colonel Vielé, of the 1st Cavalry, pointing to one of the hills.

"They told us," answered Captain Beck, of the 10th Cavalry, "that they were over there," pointing to the other hill.

Colonel Roosevelt was in a fine Berserker rage. He rode his horse in the first part of the advance, and without a sword and with a blue polka dot handkerchief fastened behind his worn campaign hat, was a more earnest than picturesque figure.

"Well, come on," he shouted, when the line had been formed for the advance.

Not a man moved.

"What, are you cowards?" he fairly shrieked.

A tall man in the skirmish line some forty feet away brought his gun to a "port arms."

"We're waiting for the command," said the man, who grinned as did the men around him. The Colonel had forgotten to give the command "Forward, March!" He did so, and the men went forward. Such an exhibition of training among practically raw recruits is on record nowhere else. When the line reached the other regiments of the brigade, which were halted, the Colonel asked a similar question of the regulars, which brought a retort from Major Hayes of the brigade

staff, to the effect that they were halted according to orders. The orders did not disturb Roosevelt, however, and he went on with most of the regiment and parts of others. The lines were becoming badly mixed.

There were advances and halts, but apparently throughout the line there was no attempt to use the actual battle tactics laid down in the books. There was no advance, support or reserves; no advancing by squads or sections.

On the right along the road the fire was terrific and the casualties great. The road itself was constantly swept by a stream of bullets. The enemy had evidently expected an advance up the road, as in the battle of Guasimas. Eventually "L" troop cut the wires and with a ringing cheer made a dash and run by the right flank across the road and thereafter advanced on the right of it. They were again badly cut up. Captain O'Neill had been killed some time before, and his body was resting in the shrubbery that lined the road. The enemy's artillery had opened up again some time before, and made a special mark of the troops resting on the side of this road. Dead and wounded were scattered along it. One wounded man was lying parallel to the road with his head protected by a tree. A shell burst between him

and myself, and a piece of the shell struck him. He turned and looked toward the Spanish position as though in protest. It did not seem fair to hit a man twice.

We had already passed by numerous guerrillas who were sharpshooting in the trees. Their fire, coming from the flank and rear, made it difficult at times to tell just where the bullets were coming from, even after the advance was well on. During one of the halts I was with a group that was lying down near the road on the right, and had disposed myself in the grass as I thought to the best advantage. A captain and about fifteen men were lying on the right of me. One of the latter turned to me and said :

"You'd better move around, Lieutenant—you're lying broadside on." He was not forgetting his nautical phrases even in battle.

On the left of our brigade was the main road to Santiago which ran in a direction nearly parallel with the road on our immediate right. Where this crossed the second stream (the San Juan river) was another particularly warm place. I saw a large tree there the next day that bore evidence of the storm of bullets that had hit it. Almost all the shots had hit the trunk at a height of less than ten feet from the ground. The enemy were

firing low on this 1st of June. Two sharpshooters were killed out of this tree by our forces.

The San Juan is a creek of water that bears every semblance to particularly dirty dish-water. It was water to drink, however, and the men stopped to satisfy their thirst, even in the charge, and in many cases to fill canteens. A few hundred yards beyond the river was the base of Kettle Hill. When our forces reached the base the Spanish began running from their trenches on the hill, falling back on the second ridge.

One little Spanish bugler boy, wholly demoralised, ran straight into our lines and was captured. Shortly afterwards a flag was raised on the saddle back between the two hills and cheered by the whole army.

All the regiments on the right by this time were more or less disorganised and mixed up. They were straightened out to some extent and the advance made on the further line of hills, which is practically a continuation of the main ridge (San Juan Heights) which makes a curve toward Santiago. The captured house was turned into a dressing station for the wounded. Only those who were near at hand, however, could be cared for there, and those who were wounded in the advance were left behind on the field, uncared

for from necessity. The trees on the ground which had been won were still full of guerrillas, and they made it almost impossible for the surgeons and their assistants to advance to their aid. Some of the wounded crawled back to the Aguadores, where, even when sheltered by the thick growth of trees on its banks, they were still exposed to the fire of sharpshooters. Indeed there were sharpshooters (guerrillas) in these selfsame trees; and they now fired at will, as the army was well beyond and the wounded and surgeons at their mercy.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO

THE men were pretty well scattered and exhausted by this time, and Colonel Roosevelt had to make several abortive attempts before taking the second hill. The Spaniards were on the run, however, and the battle of San Juan was finished at about the same time that Caney was taken. The Rough Riders evèntually held a sort of natural bastion overlooking Santiago, and within three hundred yards of the nearest trenches belonging to the defences of the city proper. They had advanced even further than this, however. The last hill and the city were separated by a valley of palms and dense undergrowth about two hundred and fifty yards in width. Lieutenant Greenway, with a handful of Rough Riders, charged up the Santiago road into this forest and eventually had to be ordered back. He firmly believed then, and perhaps does now, that he could have gone right into Santiago.

The bastion-like hill held on the night of the

1st by the Rough Riders and two troops of the 1st Cavalry was the key of the American position, and Colonel Roosevelt received orders to hold it at all hazards. He promptly set about erecting trenches on the slope of the hill toward the city, and by morning was in good position to hold it. The crest of the ridge was somewhat lower on our right. This was intrenched by the other two regiments of the brigade, and the line extended next day by the regiments of Lawton's division as they came up. In this way the Rough Riders who entered the battle as the right of the brigade now became at its end the left. On their left the other brigade of cavalry continued the intrenchments, which were then taken up by the infantry of Kent's division. The whole corps eventually formed a horseshoe around the city. Day by day the intrenchments were improved on both American and Spanish sides, even during the truce. New cannon were constantly mounted by the Spaniards, and new traverses erected by the Americans for protection against them. These intrenchments were laid out without the aid of the engineers, who were occupied in building wharfs at Siboney and in improving the roads and bridging streams.

At this time but a small portion of Santiago

could be seen, the segment of a roughly drawn circle. The houses of importance gave an appearance of characteristic Spanish picturesqueness, being red in colour with white trimmings. Almost every other house flew the Red Cross flag, and a long main building, in which Hobson was said to be confined, was covered with them. Between buildings flying the Red Cross flag the enemy mounted heavy guns and mortars. It was their intention, in case of a bombardment, to allege that the Americans had not respected the Red Cross flag; for it would have been necessary to fire on these buildings—and were it not necessary they were almost sure to be frequently struck by accident.

Over the intrenchments the conical straw hats of the Spaniards could be seen, and during the truce both sides stood on their intrenchments, or sat smoking, watching and commenting on each other. The pickets on both sides were within shouting distance of each other in the jungle between the lines, and there were frequent exchanges of fire between them.

Throughout the 2d of July there was constant firing and fighting, more particularly where Lawton was moving on to the line. The 71st New York had suffered from the cruelty of being com-

pelled to fight with non-smokeless Springfields against smokeless Mausers the previous day, but that had been on the left of the line and out of sight. The position of the 2d Massachusetts was in full view, however, and we could see them and the handicap they laboured under. They would fire a volley, and then apparently every Spanish gun in sight would pepper at the cloud of smoke hanging over them. A better target could not be imagined. I joined the surgeon I had met the day before in exclaiming that it was wicked.

The palms in front overlooked a good part of our lines and they were occupied by guerrillas who kept up an incessant sharpshooting. To meet them Colonel Roosevelt organised a band of thirty picked shots who thereafter made it their business to clean out these trees. But until the truce on the 3d, shots were continually coming into the bastion of the Rough Riders, and men were being wounded and killed.

Nor was the work of the guerrillas confined to the front. They were still in trees all over the battlefield in rear making matters very uncomfortable for men passing back and forth. Even as far back as the emergency hospital at the ford of the Aguadores they were still at work. I was

sent back with a couple of men to bring up the Colt guns on the morning of the 2d and made this ford just as a surgeon was killed. A company of Infantry deployed as skirmishers was even then shooting the impudent sharpshooters out of trees not two hundred yards from the ford. At the same time Captain Grimes' battery of artillery came back from a point on the left from which they had been driven by the small-arm fire of the enemy. The captain was not in a particularly pleasant mood, and the mood was not softened by the difficulty he had in making the muddy ford with his heavy guns. At the same point I met Chaplain Brown, who, having obtained all the help possible for the wounded, was now burying the dead. He was just about to bury the body of Captain O'Neill of "Ours" and say the last services of the church over it. Indeed the burying of bodies went on for days, it being often difficult to locate them. The wounded would crawl for protection into some out-of-the way spot and sometimes die there. One of our men was found dead sitting at the base of a tree with the picture of his wife and children in his hand. Skeletons of both friends and enemies were afterwards found on the field—men who had been eaten by the vultures. All that was sickening and horrible

in war was crowded into this one short campaign.

I was expected to "hustle" for some means of transporting the Colt guns, and was fortunate in meeting Colonel McClernand of General Shafter's staff near the house at El Poso. I explained my difficulty to him, and he gave me the use of four horses belonging to the signal corps which happened to be near. We improvised packs and tied the guns and their ammunition to them with small pieces of rope.

In looking for rope I went through the adobe building at El Poso and found two correspondents using the bedding of the dead O'Neill and Lieutenant Franz. One of them was the correspondent who had entertained us with his nocturnal descriptions of a foreign war. He made the proposition to me that he should take care of Captain O'Neill's bedding, sabre and effects, and when through with them turn them over either to corps headquarters or to the Division Hospital. I gladly assented, as we wanted to send these things back to the captain's family. A week later this correspondent made his appearance at our regimental headquarters for the first time since the advance to El Poso and calmly informed me that he had left the bedding in the building and that

if I wanted it I would do well to look out for it immediately. His egregious coolness was beyond anything save the eloquence of silence. I made the necessary arrangements to have the property hunted up without a word. It suited his convenience to again become a guest at our headquarters mess. That was all. And it did not suit his convenience to return Captain O'Neill's effects. That also was all.

Further duties took me back to the Division Hospital, where I saw what was left for me to see of the horrors of war. In the first tent on the right were about twenty wounded officers, grim and silent. Many of them were Rough Riders. They had not had anything to eat since going into battle. One of them I thought was Captain Shipp, of the brigade staff, an old regimental friend of the regular army. Such was not the case, however. Shipp had been instantly killed the day before at almost the same instant as his friend, classmate, and regimental comrade, Smith of the 10th Cavalry. Their deaths were as brave and pathetic as that of Colonel Hamilton of the 9th Cavalry. Like the two 10th cavalrymen, Colonel Hamilton was exposing himself recklessly. His officers begged him to lie down.

"Lie down yourselves," he answered. He was killed a moment afterward, and fell into the arms of Lieutenant Hartwell and (then) Sergeant Hayes of the Rough Riders.

Some of the wounded were hit in an almost unaccountable way. One officer was shot through the tongue. "How it could have happened?" is a question that has puzzled every one. The tongue was swelled enormously and he could not speak, but he seemed to be in remarkably good spirits, and was laughing at his own wounds and his ineffectual attempts to make himself understood. A classmate of mine, Lieutenant Wassell, was shot through the nose, mouth, and abdomen by the same bullet. He, too, could barely talk, but to the extent that he could he devoted himself to our Cuban allies. He was in a frame of mind. On the operating table in the next tent was a man with his entrails laid open. He was covered with blood, and a half-dozen surgeons were sewing him together.

The road from the front to the hospital was filled with wounded, crawling, walking, or being carried to the hospital. The woods even as far back as this point (corps headquarters were also here) were filled with sharpshooters. One man warned me not to go any further on my return

journey, as our own artillery was about to shell the woods and drive them out. He declared that a sentinel was posted a hundred yards further on to stop travel. I went on to find out for myself. There was no sentinel, and the woods were not shelled. The man's mind had probably been affected.

From the Aguadores to the front the entire field was still under fire from the sharpshooters. They were now, however, mainly at a distance and seldom shot at a moving object. A man at a halt, however, would hear a bullet whistle by him instantly, if indeed he was not struck. As we crossed Bloody Bend a lieutenant of the 3d Cavalry was hit, and the Red Cross ambulances were being constantly fired into.

The Colt guns were promptly put into position in the trenches. Lieutenant Parker's Gatling guns were on the hill, but could not be run into position as the crest of the hill was constantly under fire. At this time the relief that went into the trenches for day duty had to go in before dawn and remain in all day, being relieved after dark. No approaches had been made as yet to the trench in front of us. When a zigzag approach was finally made, a great deal of the element of danger was removed, but the men were obliged to crawl

over each other going in and out. Some parts of the trenches, too, were so narrow that it was difficult for a particularly large man to pass through them without going sidewise.

When food came for the men on the 2d of July it was carried by a concerted rush to the men in the trenches by volunteers. In the same manner they rushed back together. They were fired at viciously, but no one was hurt. Neither was any one hurt in the regiment during the changes of the reliefs for duty in the trenches, though they too were fired at, it being bright moonlight. In fact, I saw only one man wounded at such a time. This was a trooper of the 9th Cavalry, who ran negligently back from the trench without even bending over. He made a perfect mark and was rewarded for his carelessness (a number of officers were calling to him to bend low) by a shot through the wrist.

Rations were now brought to the troops daily, but at irregular intervals and in reduced quantities. The ration had been reduced by order of General Shafter to hard bread, bacon, sugar, and coffee. These four components of the ration were all the men had until the truce was well along. Then they were served with a few beans occasionally, and very occasionally, with canned

tomatoes. Salt was not included in the ration, but the bacon supplied that. Pepper, however, was loudly called for on all sides. The human animal needs a fiery condiment in the tropics. The love of the Mexicans for Chili sauce was explained. What rations were served were cooked individually by the men. They would have suffered more during the first two days, but that fortunately some provisions were captured from the Spanish.

At first we thought we were lucky to have a good supply of drinking water from a well on the captured position. But when the body of a dead Spaniard was hauled from it two or three days after the battle, recourse was had to the dirty water of the San Juan River. This was but little better. Perhaps it was not as good as the extract of dead Spaniard in the well. There were many dead animals in the river. Far worse, the daily storms washed the refuse from the troops into it. Little or no attempt was made to boil the water. There was nothing to boil it in. Time was valuable, and the men were constantly suffering from thirst.

Tobacco was missed almost as much as any other comfort of civilisation. Nearly every man in the regiment smoked, and most of them chewed.

Finally tobacco was sent from the depot at Siboney to all the troops at the front. The share allotted to the Rough Riders awaited them. But the tobacco had to be bought. It was a commissary store, not a ration. And there was no money among the men. In this emergency Lieutenant Woodbury Kane put up the money, some eighty-five dollars, and they finally got their tobacco; but the smoking tobacco was unaccompanied by cigarette papers or pipes. But few of the men had pipes, and how the majority managed to extract comfort from the one comfort provided for them I know not. Personally I happened to have two pipes in my saddle-bags, and they went the rounds among some of the officers and probably a good many of the men daily.

This feature of the difficulty concerning commissary stores provided for the troops seems to have been generally overlooked. There was a large quantity of such stores on the transports, and eventually some of them were landed; but they could be sold only. The government owed every man at least one month's pay, but by the regulations it would not trust the men for the comforts, if not necessities, it had provided.

The actual hunger was all the harder to bear as on the beach at Siboney we had plenty of provi-

sions belonging to the regiment. As our shelter in the shape of tentage was either at Siboney, Daiquiri, or along the road near the camping ground after Guasimas, the men were drenched daily by the terrific storms, and got dry again the next day only in time to be drenched again. The ground became water-soaked, now, and gave forth a very offensive odour. Night and morning the mist rose from it in actual clouds.

Here the regiment acquired the fevers that laid it low little more than two weeks afterwards. Added to the discomfort was the uncertainty as to the outcome of the campaign. Already the rumour of a withdrawal from our position was known to the men, and the fact that it was advocated by officers of high rank was also known.

There was uncertainty, too, concerning the outcome of the anticipated naval battle. Every one knew that the capture of Santiago by assault would be attended with frightful loss, and all knew as well that it could not be held, even if captured, as long as the Spanish fleet remained in the harbour. Colonel Roosevelt at this time showed one of the most admirable traits of his character.

"——," said he, in a great rage, after coming back from a short visit to another officer, "is a

pessimist. He thinks we are beaten, and ought to retreat. Now I am an optimist. I don't care what the rest of the army does; I have received orders to hold this hill at all hazards, and the Rough Riders are going to stay here if they wipe us off the earth."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO (*Continued*)

TOWARD evening a rumour spread throughout the line that the enemy was to make a night attack. Since it has been contended that such an attack was made, and with equal emphasis that it was not. Certainly there was a furious exchange of rifle fire for about twenty minutes, and the Spaniards let loose their artillery at us, but with little effect. We could see the flashes from the fire of our own men and the enemy, and it was the most picturesque sight of the campaign.

The attack, if such it was, however, was not made against the strong position held by the Rough Riders, and the regiment again demonstrated the wonderful state of its discipline by promptly ceasing to fire at command. Then it became a body of spectators while the other regiments blazed away. The "bombs bursting in air" and the cannon cracker effect of the rifles gave quite a Fourth of July air to the scene, and only the enemy's bullets which "phewed" over the

crest behind which we lay warned us of the seriousness of the occasion. Finally the order was sent along the lines to cease firing. It was not promptly obeyed. Naturally it was assumed that the volunteers were still firing. Out of the depths and the darkness below and behind us came a stentorian voice shouting:

"Cease firing in the 1st Volunteer Cavalry."

No attention was paid to it. The rattle of fire to our right still went on. The order was repeated again and again. The owner of the voice was losing his temper. Finally a stentorian voice replied. It was Colonel Roosevelt's. He too had lost his temper.

"You ass," shouted the Colonel, "we are not firing."

Perhaps the reply was a trifle stronger than that. It is recorded of even Washington that he used bad language at Monmouth. At any rate the voice ceased. A moment later a captain of the regiment on our right walked over the crest and ordered his men to cease firing.

"I am ashamed of you," he shouted to his men. "Why, you're no better than Spaniards. Get out of there, every one of you."

His men laughingly ceased firing and ran back from the trench into which they had piled when

the firing began. After that we spent a quiet but a nervous night, interrupted by a few exchanges of fire between the pickets, during which one or two of our men were wounded. The strain was beginning to tell on the nerves of all, however. Men who laughed at the storm of fire on the morning of the 1st of July now dodged at the whistle of a single bullet—only to laugh at themselves sheepishly afterward.

On the 3d a truce was proclaimed, and the wireless telegraphy of an army soon informed us that Captain Dorst had gone into Santiago to demand the surrender of the town, and to give warning that the women and children would be given twenty-four hours to seek places of safety before the bombardment began. No one was sorry to hear of the truce. The man was a mere fool who wished to see a repetition of the 1st of July, and all knew that if the bombardment failed there would be nothing left but an assault on the town and a hand-to-hand fight at the intrenchments surrounding it and at every barricade erected within it. Nor could any one say that he believed that the assault would be successful. There were seven lines of barbed-wire fence stretched before the intrenchments in our front, so it was said. We already knew that a single fence was bad enough.

In the afternoon heavy firing was heard at the mouth of the harbour. At that distance no doubt we heard the reports of only the heavier guns. Certainly there did not seem to be enough firing to warrant a belief that a serious naval battle was on, and no one suspected that such was the case until the "wireless telegraph" brought news of the fact. From that time until the definite information came that the Spanish navy was routed the whole army was in a state of tense suspense. The defeat of the navy meant to every one of us a Spanish prison. With our fleet defeated and our transports driven away, we would have had to surrender or starve.

The first news that came was that the enemy had been beaten, but that several of our ships had been sunk and the Colon and some other of the Spanish vessels had escaped. About an hour afterwards, however, thunders of cheering began to roll along the line from the left; and advancing rapidly as the "wireless telegraph" brought the welcome news that our ships had escaped unhurt and that the Spanish vessels had all been sunk with the exception of the Colon, which was sure to be captured—and then the clouds in the zenith were scattered by the thunders of our own cheers.

The afternoon of the 3d I spent in making out our casualty list for the three days up to the truce. This was sent to Division Headquarters direct by order of Colonel Baldwin of the 10th Cavalry, who had become commanding officer of the brigade temporarily, during the absence of Colonel Wood. The next day Colonel Wood's Adjutant-General asked for the report. I explained that it had already been sent in. No matter—I must submit another. I did. On the next day it was again demanded direct by Division Headquarters. I sent it in but made a protest in person. I was required to furnish but one copy, and neither paper, ink, nor time had we to waste on unnecessary work. Indeed the only ink I had was a little remaining in a fountain pen given me by Captain O'Neill a few days before he was killed. Though a truce was on there was no time to waste. No one knew how long it would last. The Spaniards were mounting heavy guns in plain sight, and every moment was needed in the building of trenches and traverses. In fact the men worked all night that night building bomb proofs for shelter during the expected cannonade.

The night of the 3d of July was a picturesque one. The palms in our front looked unusually beautiful in the moonlight. The figures of

the working men outlined against the sky looked almost spectral. Over in the mountains the Cubans were burning abandoned blockhouses. These made conflagrations so exactly similar that they were at first mistaken for signals made by the Spaniards to communicate with friends at sea, and we wondered if another fleet was at hand.

From the Spanish lines a rocket rose in the air immediately in front of our works, and, bursting, sent a spray of gently falling balls of fire into the palms between the lines. It was a signal recalling the guerrilla denizens of the trees into their lines. These lines had been weakened by the withdrawal of the marines who had gone with the fleet. But reinforcements had come in from the interior, and the enemy was even stronger than before. The Cubans had been charged with the task of keeping out these reinforcements. There were three roads by which they might come. The Cubans guarded two, so the Spaniards came in by the third. In this case the Cubans did not do things by halves, but by two-thirds.

The tired men were worked to exhaustion. A weary private staggered back from the trenches and dropped on his solitary blanket at one of the reliefs of the working party. The sergeant of his troop was just then making an additional detail.

He called to the man, who, by the way, was one of the so-called "dudes" from New York.

"Why, I have just been relieved, and was promised an hour's sleep," protested the tired fellow.

"Doesn't make any difference," replied the sergeant, and the man had to get up.

During this period of truce two Gatling guns were promptly mounted in the trenches, the range of every battery and intrenchment of the enemy accurately determined, and lines of fire arranged so that both machine guns and rifles could be fired with the least exposure of person. The Spaniards were equally busy, and the second morning after the declaration of the truce we saw a battery erected containing one immense gun that flanked the whole line of intrenchments held by the cavalry division. Traverses were promptly made to protect the line from this gun, and one was made by Captain Jenkins twenty feet thick. The whole line was worried about this gun, which looked so frowningly at us, and eventually the men were informed of the plan made to take care of it. A regiment of regular infantry was to surprise and capture the gun before it could do any serious damage. The regiment had already been moved within striking distance of the gun.

The 4th of July on San Juan Heights was

probably the quietest any of us ever saw. Americans with "nerves" would have found the intrenchments before Santiago a delightful place in which to spend the day. It was as silent as an empty church, and the American small boy was far, far away. There were neither fire-crackers nor fire-works. We had no picnics, no lemonade, no ice-cream. A few shots were fired far in our rear at guerrillas. An order was read from General Miles declaring that he would soon be with us with reinforcements, and assuring us that, no matter what the outcome, the campaign had been a glorious one for American arms. But that last sentence sounded rather dubious. On account of this enthusiastic telegram, which left us wondering how soon we would be herded in the Morro, the regimental bands were ordered to play national airs. The order was obeyed by the bugle corps of one regiment only. That played, dispiritedly, a march. We were never herded together in the Morro, however. The Morro never comes.

In obedience to a generally expressed wish the light artillery had now been placed on a hill far in our rear in preparation for the forthcoming bombardment. No one wanted it around. It also used non-smokeless powder and was simply a "mark."

Our dynamite gun was equally abhorred. It had to be placed by itself in a secluded corner of the line and its ammunition buried. It had fired four shots in the battle of San Juan. One hit the limb of a tree under which it was placed and nearly annihilated both gun and gunners. The next shell got lodged in the receiving chamber, and it was out of the fight for some days. A small battery of mortars had been put in position on the right of our brigade. It was largely minus in implements, and its gunners had to guess at the charge of powder they would have to use. The battery of Hotchkiss guns was short of lanyards, and the only artillery that could be looked upon favourably were our own Colt guns and the Gatlings. The siege guns were still on board ship—and these were the only guns that would have been of material service. A siege without siege guns was the logical climax of a battle without tactics and a campaign without strategy.

In the meantime it had been discovered by Colonel Roosevelt that the road to Santiago was defended but partially, and he obtained permission to erect a small redoubt upon it and supply it with Rough Riders. In this way it happened that most of the deserters who came from the enemy came to our regiment. They were a piti-

ful looking lot and brought with them tales of misery. They were not only getting half rations but insufficient supplies of water. The troops had not been paid in ages, and the volunteers from the city had declined to fight any longer.

The women and children, and the lame, halt, blind and sick of the men of Santiago now began to move out of the city in a long stream of misery. They proceeded on the Caney road, where some effort was made to feed and protect them. The miserable condition of the women suggested the plight of poor Françoise in Zola's fine sneer at war, "The Attack on the Mill." What delight could they get from the cry of "Victory" in either army? What right was there in this organised murder. And what queer ideas of life must have been put into the little heads of the half-starved children who toddled along at their sides?

Food was as hen's teeth. The army was already beginning to suffer from the fever. Men were being carried back from the trenches with a temperature of 105 and 106 degrees. The surgeons themselves were coming down with it. Colonel Roosevelt saw what was about to happen, and sent me back to Siboney and Daiquiri for extra food supplies. Just before starting I noticed one of those queer little happenings that punctuate

the general misery of war. Woodbury Kane, club man and gentleman of leisure, was sitting on a small rock. He looked as well groomed as possible in his dirty uniform, and his fine, aristocratic features were lighted with joy. In his left hand he held a tiny tin case of *paté de fois gras*, which he was eating with the blade of a penknife in place of a fork. A can of *paté de fois gras* on a battlefield where hardtack was at a decided premium! He explained that one of his men had found it on the road. Naturally it went to the representative club man.

I journeyed towards the rear with a strong letter from Colonel Roosevelt, asking for transportation and setting forth the necessity of it for the health of his command. At division headquarters I made a stirring appeal and got one waggon. At corps headquarters I appeared before the commanding officer and his staff and made another eloquent appeal. General Shafter was reclining on a camp bed while a surgeon was soothing his gouty foot. He was discussing plans with his staff and dictating orders. He seemed to want to discuss me with the first syllable omitted.

"You are not going to take any tents to the front are you?" he asked in a half roar.

"No, sir," I answered with exact truthfulness.

There was not a tent in the command. I got an order on the quartermaster at Daiquiri for two teams and went on my way rejoicing.

An hour and a half later I reached the camp we had vacated before marching to El Paso. Three of our men were there as a guard. I had the camp equipage loaded on the waggon and started it and the three men back to the front at once. Then with my escort of two men I proceeded to Siboney. About half way my men suddenly jumped to either side of the road and brought their guns to a ready. Fifty yards in front two other men were doing the same thing. A glance showed that all were friends, and we went on. The other party proved to be a sergeant and his guard, escorting the prisoners who were to be traded for Lieutenant Hobson. They were just then in a predicament.

One of the prisoners, an old grey-haired man, was sick. Moreover he was raving crazy. I asked them if he was hungry. No, was the reply. He had declined food for two days. The other prisoners had carried him thus far; but it had been exhausting work, and the sergeant had orders to be at corps headquarters at nightfall. Just then one of his men discovered an old wheelbarrow. I asked the Spanish lieutenant who was to be ex-

changed for Hobson if he had any objections to the man's being carried in this primitive conveyance. He saluted me and said he had not. They went on, the lieutenant again saluting very politely. At Siboney we stopped with some of the wounded of our regiment for the night.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FALL OF SANTIAGO

I WAS instructed to bring forward all the mail for the regiment I could obtain, and had an interview that evening with the postmaster, who had moved his office from Daiquiri to Siboney. He explained that he had a waggon-load of mail at Daiquiri for which he could not obtain transportation to Siboney. He agreed if I would bring this mail to Siboney that he would put his clerks at work specially on our mail then at Siboney, as well as that in the waggon-load at Daiquiri, so that our regiment could get quite all that was coming to it. I agreed, of course.

At Siboney there were two regiments of volunteers on guard,—Michigan regiments. The camp of our men was quite near the shore, and at high tide the waves nearly washed into it. To the east were the quartermaster's and commissary's storehouses and tents, and to the west the general hospital tents. In the offing lay the transports and hospital ships. The engineers were constructing

a pier. In the meantime troops and provisions were being landed through the surf. Naked men waded out to the boats and carried the stores ashore. It was a picture for an artist. In fact there were three pictures at Siboney worthy of any brush. One was the scene the night before the battle of Guasimas, with the bivouac of the yet untried troops illuminated by the camp fires and searchlights of the ships. The second, the one just mentioned; and the third, the burning of Siboney, as seen from the ships. The dirty, disease-breeding little town has achieved a place in history more important than it deserved.

That night the beach crabs crawled over us. They are sand-coloured and disgusting, but not so horrible as the blood-red speckled land crabs that joined the vultures in disfiguring the dead. Cuba has had its St. Patrick, and is free from snakes, but it needs several other saints to make the island a pleasant abiding place.

The next morning I went to Daiquiri over the road along which we had advanced to Siboney. On the previous trip it had been deserted save by troops. Now it was more or less filled with journeying Cubans. Men, women, and children, all saluted after the manner of our soldiers. They had learned the American greeting, "Good morn-

ing," also, and this they used whether it was morning, noon, or night. They had also returned to their deserted huts in the cocoanut groves.

At Daiquiri there was no guard save one or two small naval vessels, and a Spanish Marion could have made himself immortal by trotting in and destroying the stores and transportation collected there. Indeed there had been quite an amount of apprehension at the place, and the day before the naval guard had spent the afternoon shelling the hills on account of the supposed presence of lurking Spaniards. There were plenty of mules at Daiquiri, and plenty of waggons, but the latter were as yet "knocked down," as a freight clerk would say. I presented my order to the officer in charge. It did not please him, and he looked it over for a long time. I waited in patient amusement. I knew he could not get around it. I knew also that he did not want to obey it. I knew also that he was trying to think up an excuse for not obeying it, which I knew he could not find. He did the next best thing, however. He made me wait until the next day.

In the meantime I tried to "jolly" Captain Ramsey of the Commissary Department out of some potatoes or onions. He was an old West Point friend and willing to do anything he could

to aid me, but the extent of his ability was twelve pounds of half-rotten potatoes. Afterwards I went down to the pier with him where a boat was waiting to take him out to one of the ships he was unloading. Just as his men pushed off a very young and excited man, in a painfully new uniform, rushed down the pier.

"Hold on a minute," shouted the newcomer. "Say, I want to go out to one of the naval vessels."

"Do you?" asked Ramsey, with a tantalising grin, while his men continued to pull away. And then Ramsey sat down in the stern and looked vacantly out to sea.

The young man was one of the many staff officers appointed through influence.

"I belong to General Shafter's staff," he stammered to me. "I am sent down here to find out what the firing meant yesterday. What shall I do?"

A civilian was standing on the dock a few feet away. He beckoned to me, and when I went to him told me a boat was coming to take him off in a few minutes and he would ferry the adolescent captain. I informed the young man, and he expressed his thanks and saluted me as feelingly as though he did not rank me by a whole grade. There is nothing like helping superiors along in

their difficulties. I speak from a large and varied experience.

Then I hunted up the sole representative of the post-office. He was sick with the yellow fever and was being cared for by a big jovial, helpful man who proved to be the mayor of St. Augustine, Florida. The latter procured the keys to the post-office shed and agreed to stand by when I was ready to load up the next day. After supper I called at Ramsey's tent again and found the head of the Quartermaster's Department there again. He had been brooding over that order of mine.

"How many loads have you got in your camp here?" he asked.

"One," I answered, carelessly.

"Well what do you want of two waggons then?" he asked.

I had a perfect right to tell him it was none of his business, but my sympathies with the poor postmaster at Siboney (who by the way died there of yellow fever about a week later), who was hindered in supplying the troops with their mail by the churlishness of this man, tempted me to let him go on.

"I have another load at Siboney," I replied.

He thought he had me then.

"Do you mean to say you are going to take a

waggon empty from here to Siboney?" he asked angrily.

"Oh, no," I answered. "I am going to take the mail from here to Siboney in the other waggon."

"Let me see that order again," he demanded, turning red in the face.

I gave it to him. He read it several times. Then he handed it back with the remark:

"Well, I can't help it," and walked away. I knew he could not help it. But he got even to the greatest extent possible by giving me but four-mule teams instead of six-mule teams and making the drivers carry a good third of the weight capacity of the waggons in grain for the mules. In addition I got the weakest mules in the corral, one team being hardly larger than pack mules.

The civilian reader will probably wonder at such childishness as this man displayed. The experienced government official will recognise in it an old acquaintance—official and sometimes personal jealousy. Just what started the quarrel between the postmaster and the quartermaster I of course do not know. But our regiment got its mail, even though it was from a month to six weeks old.

Colonel Roosevelt had given me money to buy

commissaries for the men. I invested it in lime juice and such delicacies as I could obtain. Major (later Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie) also contributed several boxes of lime juice. I added what money I had and got trusted for a few hundred pounds of beans, which I was not to pay for provided the regiment made up the amount by not drawing full rations to that extent. Inasmuch as we had been on short rations for some time the beans might have been considered made up already. At Siboney I loaded up the extra waggon with rations which had been left behind by the regiment and proceeded to the front.

On the way we passed a continuous stream of refugees who were now coming out of Santiago by the road on which we had advanced. They were a sorry looking lot. Some rode in carriages and some in waggons returning from carrying rations and ammunition to the troops on the line. All carried such possessions as they could. Women of apparent refinement wearing silk dresses and diamonds struggled along with worn-out shoes, carrying children. Some led consumptive looking mules. Others drove goats and pigs. Chickens, dogs and parrots passed by with the human stream of unfortunates. The people were human wisps in the path of the conqueror, but

their weary looking faces did not show that they were rejoiced even to escape with their lives.

The truce was still on when we arrived at the front, and it was now apparent to all that the city would surrender after a sufficient amount of delay and negotiation, which must accompany everything a Spaniard does, from mending a pair of shoes to overturning a dynasty. All along the line our troops had now become "cave dwellers," or, to speak more correctly, "bomb-proof dwellers." Day by day the American forces were creeping nearer to the town. The line of intrenchments occupied by Spaniards one day would be within the American lines the next, and we were being constantly warned from headquarters not to fire to the right of, or to the left of, certain objects, in order that we might not fire upon our comrades. It was, however, tacitly understood that there would be at least a make-believe bombardment and resistance before the capitulation. Such proved to be the case. Late in the afternoon of the 10th of July and on the morning of the 11th the Spanish batteries opened fire and continued it for a few hours. They were replied to principally by the artillery of the American army, and it was an unexciting affair on both sides, though the Spanish guns were practically silenced on both

days. On the 15th the Spanish General Toral announced his willingness to capitulate, and on the 17th the 9th regular infantry and headquarters of the 5th Corps entered the city and took possession of it.

The Rough Riders were now removed to a healthier camp in the foot-hills, but the germs of the fever were already at work, and it was soon a regiment of sick men. Colonel Roosevelt was prompt to advise, if not demand, that not only the regiment but the entire army should be removed to the United States. On the 7th of August orders for the return were received. They boarded the transport Miami at Santiago, and on the 15th landed at Montauk, L. I., where they were rejoined by the four troops that had been left behind at Tampa. Even the latter had fallen victims to the heat and camp fevers, and the new camp of the regiment was practically an extensive hospital.

The regiment was mustered out of the service on the 13th of September, 1898, one week and four months from the arrival of the first contingent at San Antonio. The men were given transportation to their homes, but did not get the two months' pay given to all other volunteer regiments. Before disbanding a regimental organisation was formed, of which Colonel Brodie was elected Presi-

dent. Thus ended the career of the most unique and possibly the shortest lived regiment ever raised by a nation. It was the first to respond to the President's appeal for volunteers and the first to relieve the government of the expense of maintaining it. True to the traditions of American volunteers the members of the regiment returned quietly to the pursuits of peace after a short frolic in New York and other Eastern cities.

A few of the officers and some of the men have since joined other regiments for service in the Philippines. A number have died since the war from the effects of the fever acquired in Cuba; while nearly all have been sick to a greater or less extent. Of the two conspicuous members of the regiment one has become Governor of New York and the other Governor-General of Santiago.

CHAPTER XX

ON A HORROR SHIP

THE sick and wounded of the various regiments were sent back to the United States some time before the return of the expedition. A number of Rough Riders returned on one of two transports which were later called by the press of the country "Horror Ships." I was one of the Rough Riders to return on the Seneca, having been taken sick a few days before the surrender. A letter from Colonel Roosevelt got me transportation on the best of these transports, as it was considered, and an introduction to the captain of the boat.

A few officers, sick and wounded, were already on board when I joined. We lay off Siboney for a few days while others, and far too many, officers and men were taken on board and started for the North. We expected to sail for Key West or Tampa, but were ordered to Newport News just before sailing.

My first effort on board was to get clean, and

nothing ever before seemed so welcome to me as the Seneca's bath-room. I had lost about seventy pounds in weight and was a comparative skeleton. I did not then attribute my condition to the incipiency of the fever but supposed it to be due to heat prostration.

From the ship we saw the picturesque burning of Siboney, where nearly every building was destroyed. Yellow fever had now appeared in its worst form, and there were many cases in the hospital on shore, with more arriving constantly.

From the ship we heard the short bombardment of Santiago, and knew that the city was doomed.

The ship carried not only sick and wounded but a number of newspaper correspondents and nearly all the representatives of foreign governments, naval and military. I shared my stateroom with the Japanese naval attaché. He was a good-natured little fellow, with the most wonderful ability to sleep I have ever seen in any man. Occasionally he worked on his maps and report to his government ; but the vast majority of the time, morning, noon, and night, he was sleeping.

Two young contract doctors had charge of the ship and its human freight, and for some reason they were very poorly equipped with medicines. No dainties for the wounded men had been pro-

vided until Miss Jennings (I think I have the name correctly) of the Red Cross Society came aboard. She discovered the state of affairs just before we started and got a supply of beef-tea and a few other things of the kind from the hospital ship. She was the only woman aboard save Mrs. Scovil, the wife of the *New York World* correspondent.

Miss Jennings was one of the American women who, like Miss Clara Barton, Miss Wheeler, Miss Chanler and Miss Gardiner, did so much to alleviate the awful misery of war. If they are all as worthy of the crown of an angel (and no doubt they are) as Miss Jennings, the nation should be prouder of them than it is of its soldiers. The very sight of these clean intelligent American women was a precious breath of the atmosphere of home in itself. Poor Miss Jennings slaved all day and much of the night over the sick and wounded, and slept at night wrapped in a shawl on the seats in the dining salon, surrounded by sleeping men. Nominally, I believe, she shared the cabin of Mrs. Scovil, but the latter was sick throughout the journey, also.

The two doctors were inexperienced, and matters would have been much worse than they were had it not been for Captain Dowdy of the regular army. He was one of the sick, and, completely

used up, was going back to be retired. He was weak and as thin as a rail, but had still sufficient energy left to help look after the welfare of the enlisted men on board and contend with the ship's officers for such comforts as he could obtain for them. Almost without exception these ship's officers were as disagreeable as they had it in their power to be.

The food on board was fairly good for the first two days, but after that it was horrible and, what was worse, horribly cooked. The drinking water got low, and as it came from the faucet was heated almost to the boiling point and as red as iron rust. I discovered that the steward had a supply of distilled water for the use of the ship's officers, and by the proper use of the coin of the realm I was permitted to drink of it. How many others had the same opportunity I do not know. Many, who could afford the prices asked, drank practically nothing but Apollinaris as long as the supply lasted.

The lower decks, where the sick and wounded men lay, became foul beyond description, and the insufficient toilet rooms were awash with dirty water. A number of cases of yellow fever were reported by the doctors, and one of these slept on deck. The time of those who could sit up was

passed between dodging yellow fever cases and playing poker.

At Newport News we all received a bitter disappointment. We were not allowed to land, not even taken into quarantine. On the contrary we had to lie out in the harbour until orders were received from Washington to proceed to New York. We did have the opportunity to take on supplies, however. They were thrown to us from a small boat, as actual contact with the vessel was prohibited. Major English of General Wheeler's staff, one of the sick, was probably the most keenly disappointed man on board. His wife had gone to Key West to meet him. Learning of the new destination of the boat she had come on to Newport News and had now to go on to New York. She came out in a small boat which lay about twenty yards off the ship while she and her husband exchanged greetings, not very privately as may be imagined.

On we went to New York, where at least and at last we were welcome and welcomed. We were promptly boarded by Dr. Doty of the Health Department and John W. Keller of the Commission of Charities and Correction, and after that there was nothing too good for us. The wounded and very sick were at once transferred to New York

hospitals, and the rest of us were taken to Hoffman's Island and put in quarantine.

For two days I had been feeling worse and that night came down with the fever. The next day I was transferred to the hospital at Ft. Hamilton, and went later to a private hospital. For twenty-eight days I was sick and during part of them lay between life and death. For nearly a year afterwards I suffered with relapses, and such I hear is the experience of almost all others.

Before we left the Seneca we presented Miss Jennings with a testimonial acknowledging our appreciation of her services. She afterwards preferred charges against the officers of the ship, and an investigation was made which failed to locate the blame either for her overcrowded condition or her insufficient supplies of food, water and medicines.

In the foregoing pages the writer has attempted to give a circumstantial story of the Rough Riders rather than a history of the campaign or a military essay upon it. He has tried, however, to be accurate; and if he has made any mistakes they are not vital ones. Writing from the standpoint of a Rough Rider he has naturally hit a head or two in

the ranks of the regular army, but that wonderful little regular army of the United States has no greater admirer than he is. "May its tribe increase" and remain increased, with quick promotion for every one. And to paraphrase the words of Grant, "let us keep the army and politics, in the future, forever separate."

THE END.